Aug. 3, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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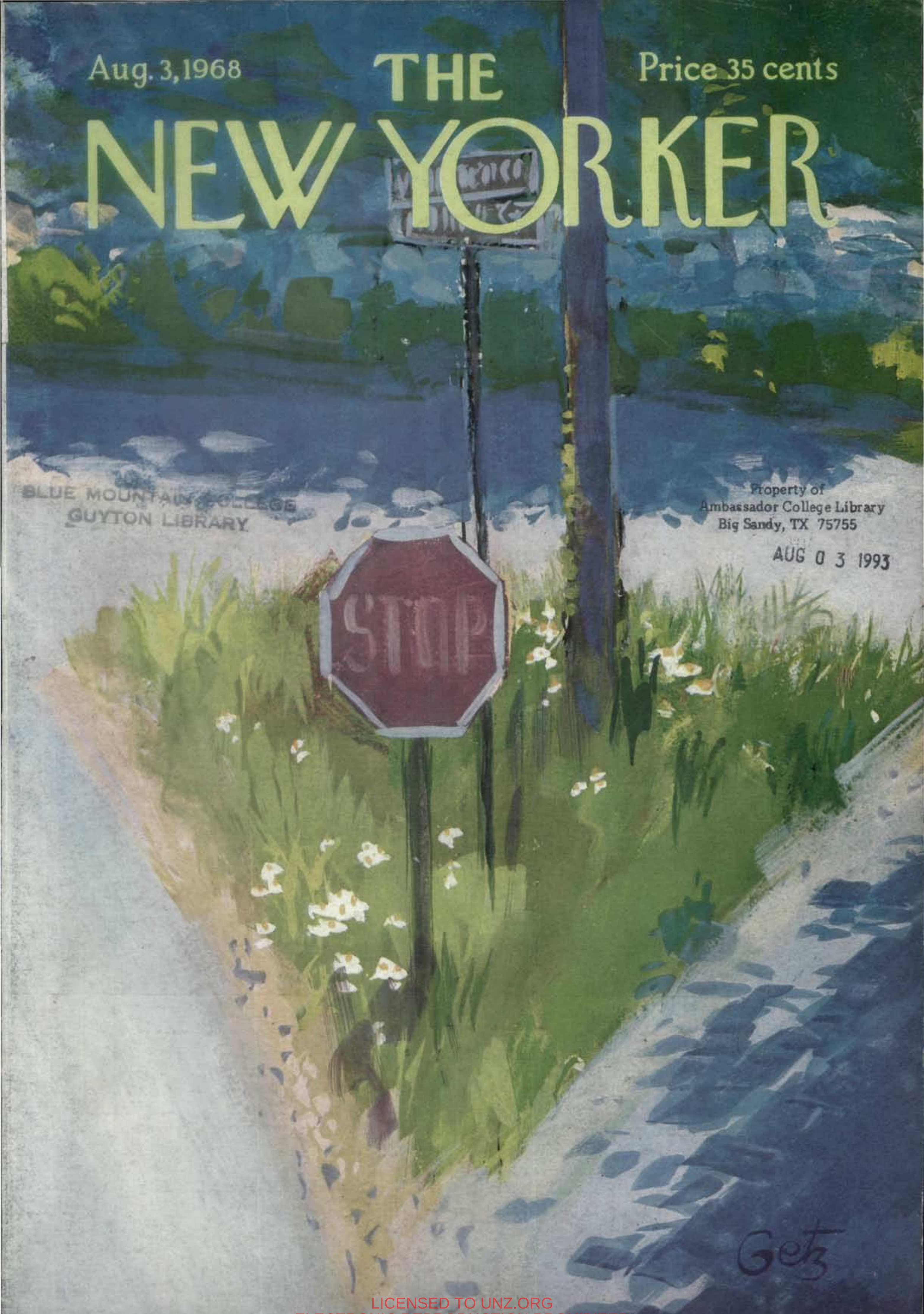

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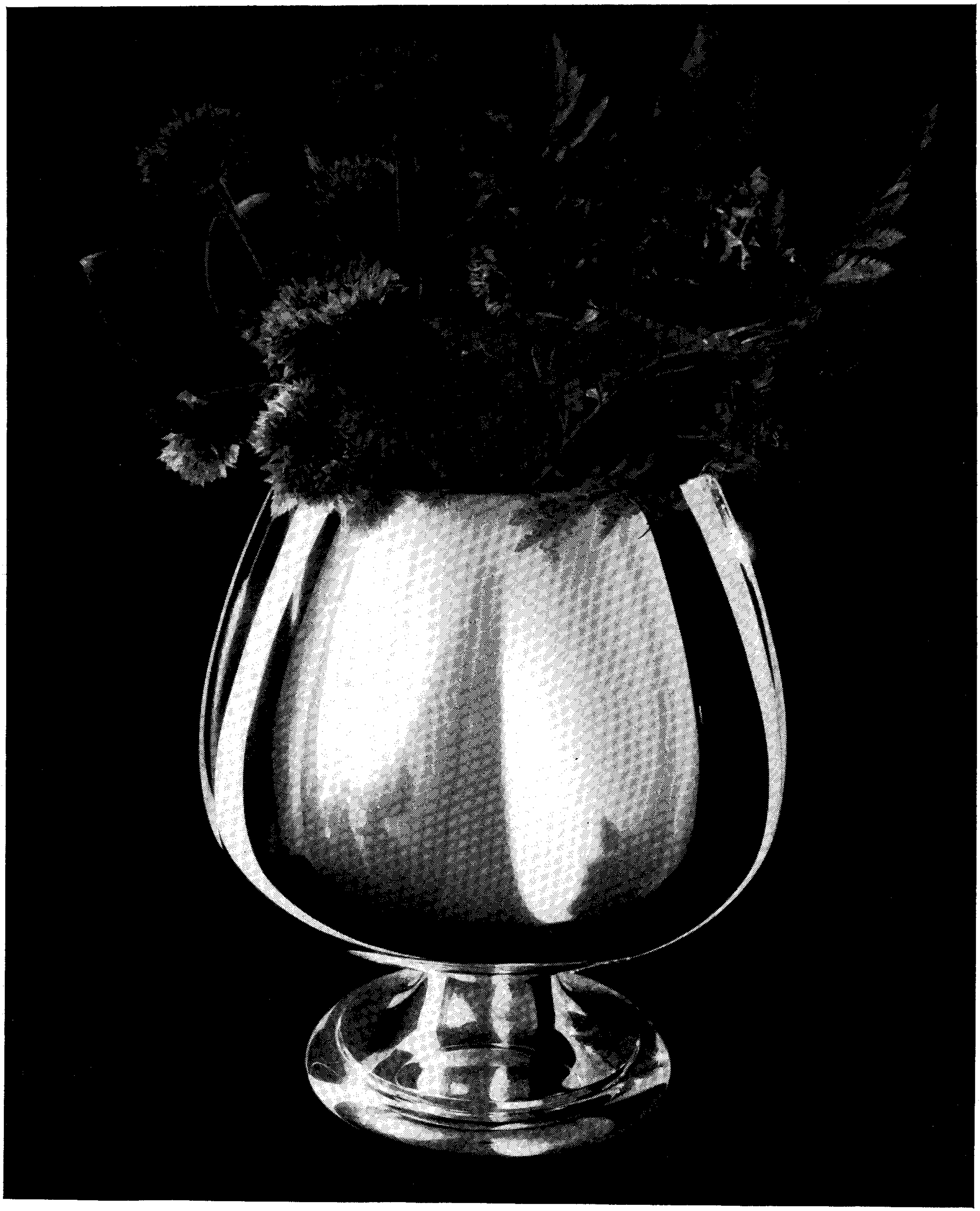

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

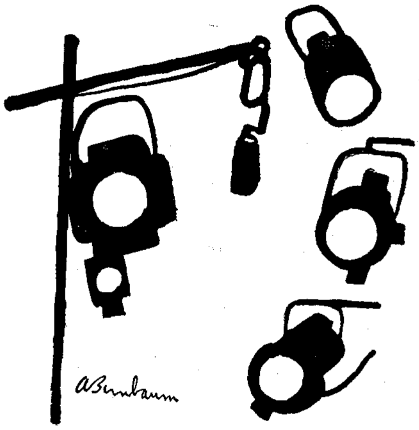
A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two plays alternating weekly—Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **DADDY GOODNESS** through Sunday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Peter Weiss's **SONG OF THE LUSITANIAN BOGEY**, translated by Lee Baxandall, from Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 6-11. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday, Sept. 1.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A very successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** A drama by Tom Stoppard having to do with Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of

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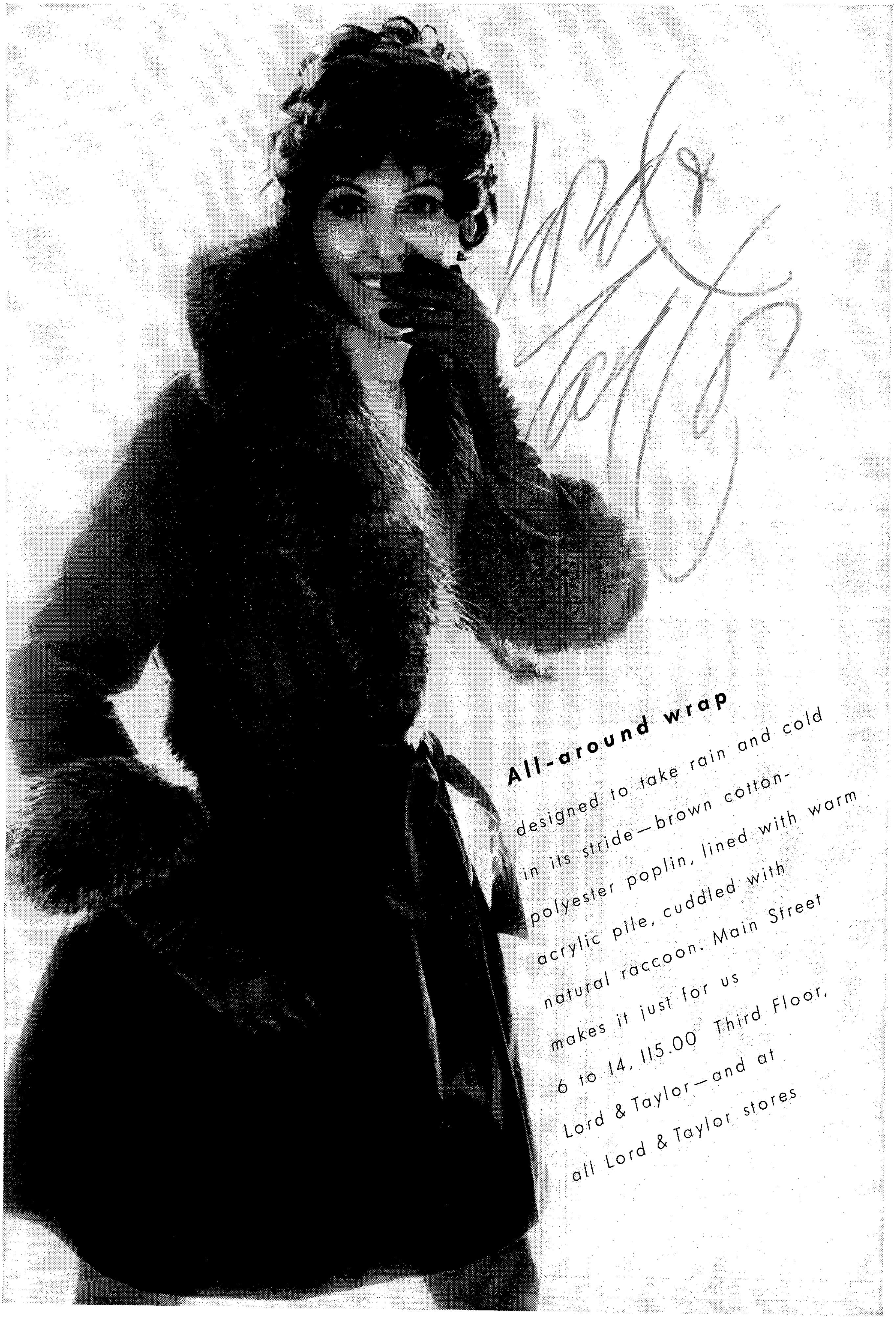

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Fünf Faden da draussen. Fünf Faden tief dein Vater liegt. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Reopens Monday, Aug. 12. Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I**, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, will be given on Thursday, Aug. 1, and Saturday, Aug. 3. **HENRY IV, PART II**, with the same cast, will be presented on Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **ROMEO AND JULIET**, with Martin Sheen, Susan McArthur, Charlotte Rae, and Joe Bova, will be the last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 7, and will run through Friday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

THRILL CIRCUS—Ooh! Aah! Four human *cannonballs!* And that's not all. (Shea Stadium. Friday, Aug. 2, through Sunday, Aug. 11. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 5. For information about tickets, call 594-6600.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Singers, instrumentalists, and loquacious types come on and go off throughout the evening. David Steinberg, a truly funny man, is usually there. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Blood, Sweat & Tears (rock, with horns) heads the show—at least, over this weekend. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

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HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. The Jake Hanna quintet, with Bill Berry on trumpet, makes pleasant music nightly. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, the music will come from a quintet headed by Ruby Braff and Zoot Sims. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

THE SCENE, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—The quality of the entertainment sometimes makes it a scene worth making—if you can figure out who's on when. Singer-guitarist Buzz Linhart performs every night, and the John Hammond trio plays every night but Monday, Aug. 5, when it will be replaced by the Raven, a blues group. Also scheduled, along with the above: Thursday, Aug. 1, blues man Buddy Guy; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, the Raven; Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 4-7, Ten Years After; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 8-10, the Raven. Dancing is encouraged, but most people just sit and dig.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Monday, Aug. 5, will be turned over to singer Bob Patton. On Tuesday, Aug. 6, the Weldon Irvine sextet will replace Blakey's outfit. Saturday, Aug. 3, from five to nine, the Pharoah Sanders quartet. Sunday, Aug. 4, from five to nine, the Substructure, which has no fewer than five tubas.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the agile Billy Taylor trio takes turns with Toshiko's solo piano. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, Bola Sete, an affable Brazilian guitarist-composer, will perform and should be well worth hearing. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Grilled dinners are available. . . . ¶ Downstairs, the Hugh Masekela quintet trades off with the Jimmy Smith trio. Mondays are reserved for special events.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. The Coleman Hawkins quartet plays and Jimmy Witherspoon sings. Monday, Aug. 5, will be allocated to the large, loud Mel Lewis-Thad Jones band. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, the Pazant Brothers will play. Closed Sundays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of Charlotte's Web. Dancing from nine till three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Eros alternates with records over a strong system. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, the Bob Seeger System will also be around. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, T.I.M.E. will succeed Eros, which should be world enough. On Monday, Aug. 5, at eight-thirty, William Russo will conduct a chorus in his composition "Civil War," a rock cantata. Dancing and the regular show will follow at about ten. No alcohol. Shazam.

FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration sys-

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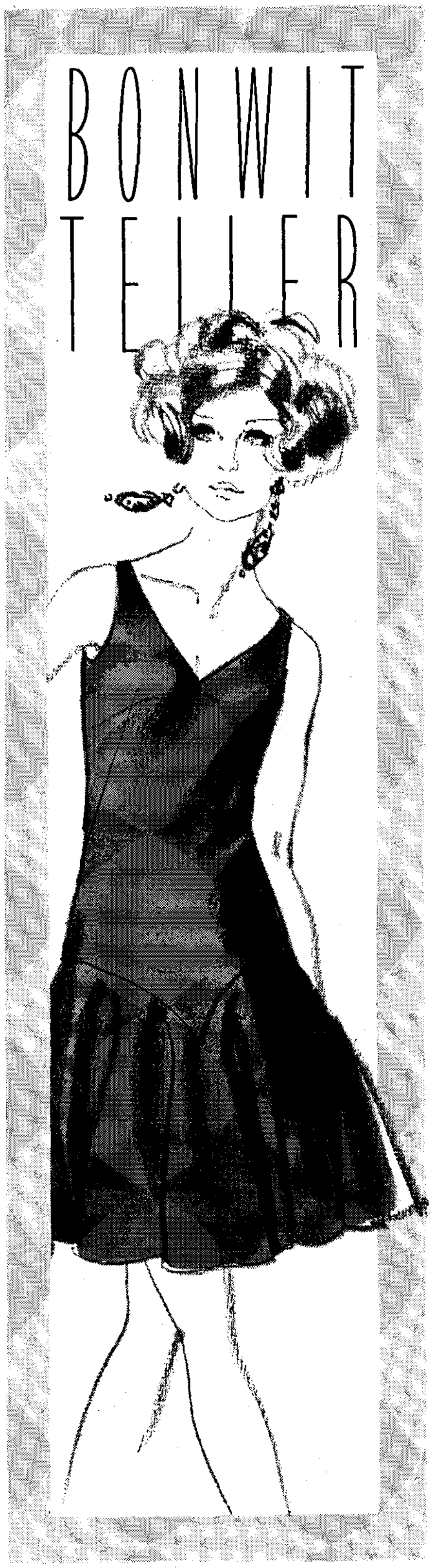

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tem. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not* you may be turned away at the door. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Bring money.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by singer Ada Cavallo and the Mark Donald trio. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the Epitome. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, the live music will come from other folks. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery. Furthermore, classes in painting the town red are given twice a night by Flip Wilson, a very fast man with a quip, who now and then, it must be admitted, does paint some of his jokes blue. Phil Wayne's crew, which reports at seven, shells out dance tunes until two. On Thursday, Aug. 8, Mr. Wilson gives way to Helen O'Connell, a well-remembered voice. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The beauty part of it—a part well taken by both the décor and the younger customers. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero play on, play on, from seven-thirty until two, but they take time out every Sunday and Monday. Twice during the soirée, a boy-and-girl dance team (what ever became of *that* trade?) turns itself into a lighter-than-air craft. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The Worthies are supplemented by Ellen Harwicke's neat voice-and-piano work. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): Every night but Sunday, cases of second childhood are precipitated by the sight and sound of Bobby Sherwood's band, still equipped with all the accessories (chanters and floor show) it sported back in the forties. In the same part of the Sherwood Forest, the Eddy McGinnis battalion starts at six; the Sherwoods join up at seven-thirty. Home-free comes well after the theatre. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Dancers who are graduates of the school of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may perform on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Don Alfredo's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): Not really a lawn party, but it *is* out-of-doors, on a terrace *cum* dance floor. The prance tunes run from around seven until half past twelve or later, every night, but not *cum* what may, for on weathery evenings everyone pops indoors.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, the music of the orchestra run by Lee Evans flows richly, and all is well. All is hell, though, when—during dinner and supper—someone cracks cold-storage jests on the heads of the audience, and someone else sings a sawdust sermon entitled "God Is Alive." Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—A Jolly Good Fellowship has been established by the Spanish government, and anyone who can sit up reasonably late at night is eligible. The administrators are Los Chavales de España, the marching-and-choral club that has been at this sort of thing forever, and the newly come ballet troupe of Miguel Sandoval. The Chavales take Sundays off, but the Sandovals stay put. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The stag of Eve may drink his fill as she and her many girl playmates waltz through the local extravaganza, which is huge and wholly without guile. The only guile comes from Lynda Gloria, a Parisian soubrette who is full of it.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dana Valery, sister to that Roman god Sergio Franchi, sings at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays, always in the noble old Persian Room, where the orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the night with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Fridays and Saturdays: a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, though not on Sunday nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis Hawkins' town hall is on its summer short-term work week—Monday through Thursday—and Harold Fonville, who sticks around until early in the morning, is the keeper of the keys on the amidships piano. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A real Mediterranean *bouillabaisse,* or a pretty nice kettle of fish—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eying the permutations and combinations of the lady known as Jasmine, who makes the *danse de ventre* almost a ceremonial occasion. The jokers, never too wild, are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, the principal musician is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Arma virumque cano* is the motto of the calypso chanter who strolls this West Indian beachhead, and the *a.* and *v.* are, naturally, all Jamaican. This music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes

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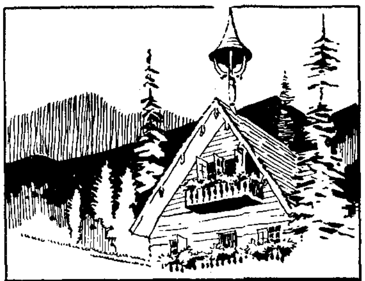

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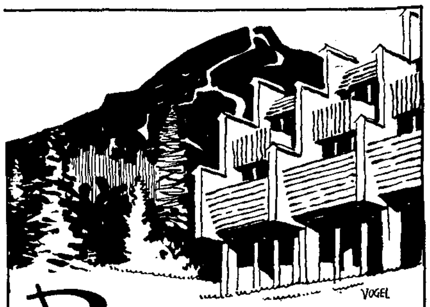

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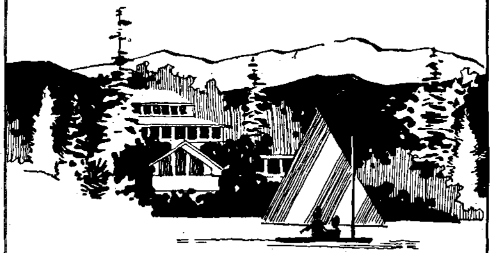

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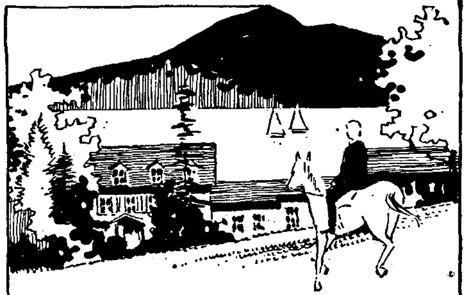

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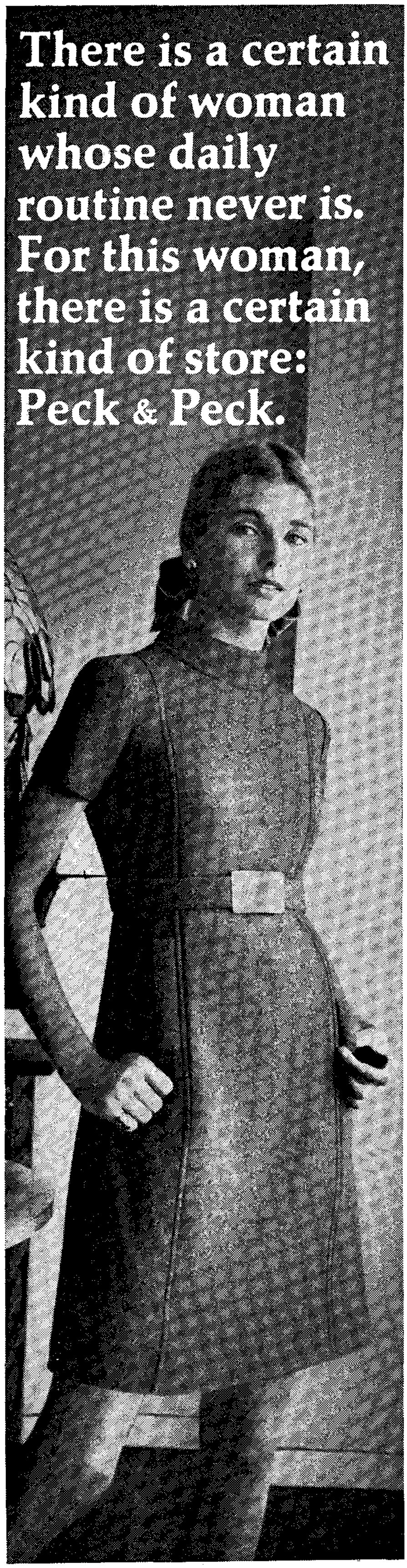
There is a certain kind of woman whose daily routine never is. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): Leicester Square should be just around the corner, and the chef must have been brought up in Soho. The house guests, though, are like all the rest of us, and the music (the throat and fingers of Lynn Richards, who operates between Tuesday and Saturday every week, from nine until two) could be only mid-Manhattan.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The return of the native, Cy Walter, from his recent sabbatical means that the show of hands on the local Steinway is once again prestidigitational. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. No sounds on Sundays, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and *music room, too, for there is piano* (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The midsummer breeze is the piano of Muriel Roberts. She is on duty from cocktails through an early dinner, and she takes her Saturdays and Sundays off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Guston, Hofmann, Marca-Relli, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Aug. 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. *Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibition of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

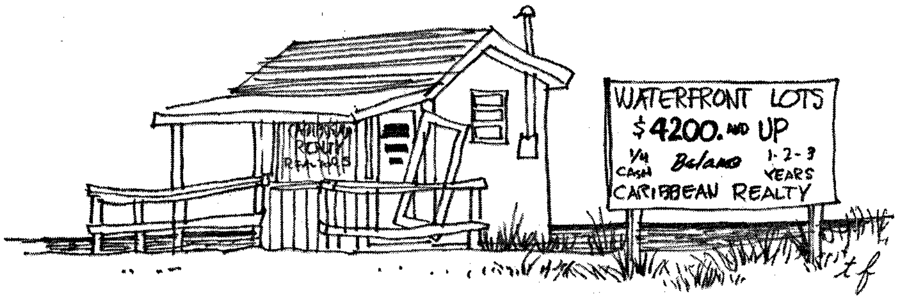
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSIC

Mozart-Haydn Festival—Opening performances of a four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 31—Monday, Aug. 5: Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 7: Brian Priestman conducting the orchestra, with Edith Peinemann, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Boris Goldovsky conducting the orchestra in a program called "The Operatic Mozart," with vocal soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: GABOR SZABO QUINTET. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: JIMMY MCGRIFF AND HIS ORGAN TRIO. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Staple Singers, and Ten Years After—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

Joan Baez—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, at 9.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Josef Krips conducting Program I (Berlioz, Schuman, Strauss, Stravinsky); no soloists. Lorin Maazel conducting Program II (Glinka, Paganini, Tchaikovsky), with Ruggiero Ricci, violin—PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: The first two in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30, Program I; and Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: The first of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30, Program I.) . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: The first of two concerts. (Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8:30, Program I.) . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: The second in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30, Program II.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Per Brevig and Jonathan Elkus will share in the conducting on Thursday, Aug. 1.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: Young-Holt Unltd., Arthur Prysock, and Arnold Dover. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8 and 10:30: Mothers of Invention and Buddy Guy. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 5, at 8 and 10:30: Lou Rawls and Joe Keyes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 8 and 10:30: The Who and the Mandala. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: George Shearing and Amanda Ambrose. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8 and 10:30: Flip Wilson and Anthony & the Imperials. (Through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—Richard Korn conducting the Orchestra of America. (Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: A recital by Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: William Steinberg conducting, with Mr. Bolet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: The Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Charles Wilson conducting the Boston Symphony, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Bachauer. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, again with Miss Bachauer. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the Capitol Hill Choral Society and the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting the orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 3:30: Arthur Fiedler and Richard Rodgers directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Lee Venora, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Harry Danner, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and the Parnassus Club. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Diana Ross and the Supremes. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 6-7, at 8:30: Ravi Shankar and his festival from India. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a program of French music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing a performance of Bizet's "Carmen" in concert form, with Anne Elgar, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Robert Hale, baritone; and the New York City Opera Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of American music, with Mr. Cliburn and Samuel Mayes, cello. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: With Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 3: Norman Walker and his company (with Cora Cahan) and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-10: The Boston Ballet Company and Patricia McBride and Edward Villella. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

American Dance Festival—Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Lotte Goslar and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3: The First Chamber Dance Quartet. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Aug. 1, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 3-4, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 1 (doubleheader), and Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Bill Dickey and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15).

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 1-4.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Monmouth Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 5, through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

National Rowing Championships—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Friday, Aug. 9, at

10:30; Saturday, Aug. 10, at 12:40; and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 1.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 10, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 4.)...¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 5-11.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Republican National Convention—Opens at the Convention Hall, in Miami Beach, Monday, Aug. 5, at 10 A.M. The keynote address, by Governor Daniel Evans, of Washington, will be delivered that evening.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Aug. 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Love" (1927), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Mysterious Lady" (1928), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 3 at 11:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau....¶ Aug. 3 at 3 and 5:30: "Inspiration" (1931), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Grand Hotel" (1932), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Wild Orchids" (1929), with Greta Garbo....¶ Aug. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Gunfighter" (1950), with Gregory Peck. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Aug. 11, Aug. 23-27, Sept. 6-8, and Sept. 10-11.... **SHEA STADIUM**: Aug. 13-14, Aug. 16-21, Aug. 28-Sept. 3, and Sept. 13-15.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sept. 8.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 15-18.)...¶ Thunderbird Classic. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)...¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 5-8.)...¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 12-15.)

Olympic Equestrian Trials—At Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J.: Sept. 7-8.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Aug. 26-Sept. 14.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium: Aug. 18 and Sept. 1 and 4.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Sept. 15.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 16-25.)...¶ National Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 29-Sept. 8.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 21-25.)

Other Dates—The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 26 in Chicago....¶ Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., Aug. 28-Sept. 15....¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 30-Sept. 15....¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 2....¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16.

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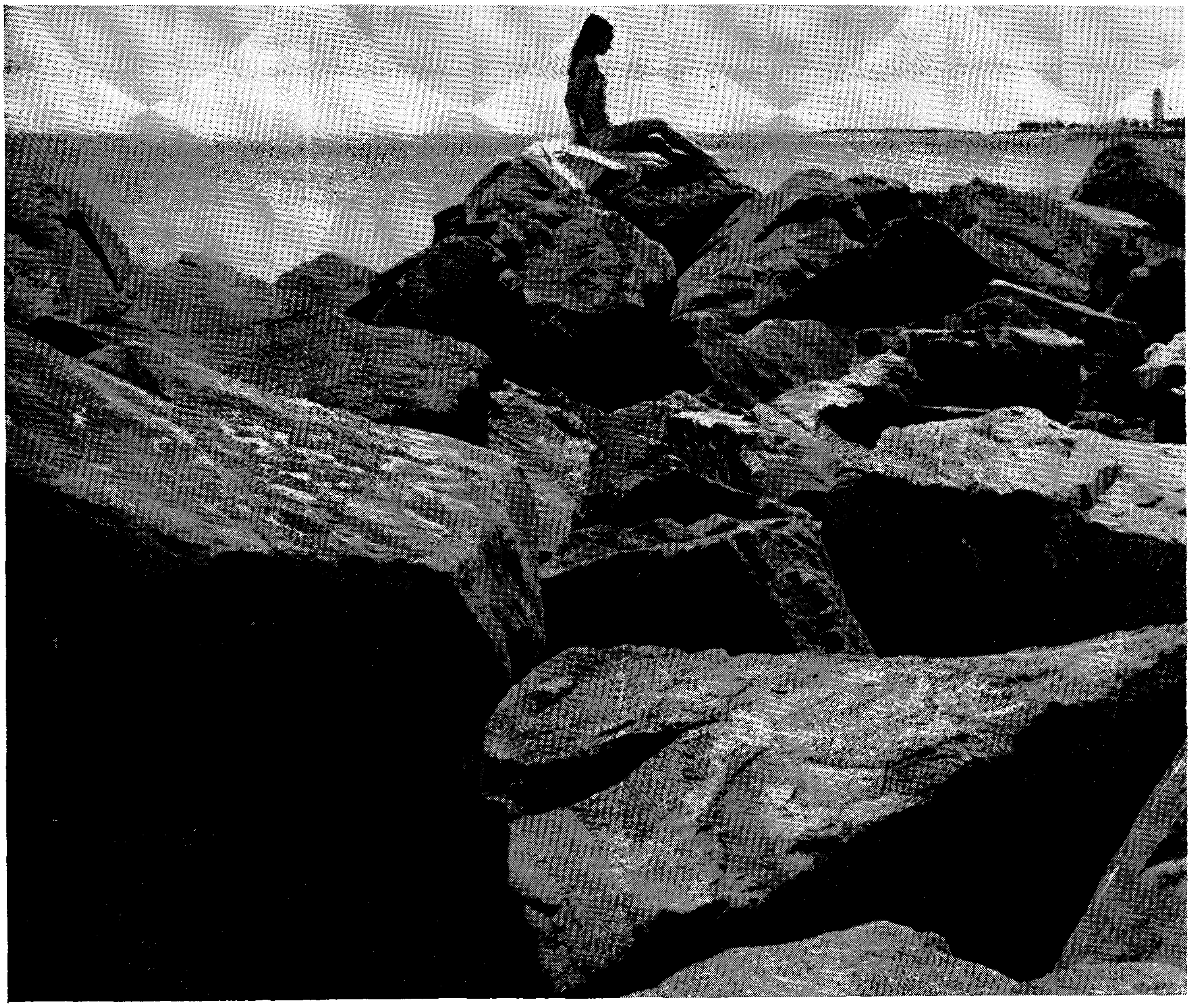
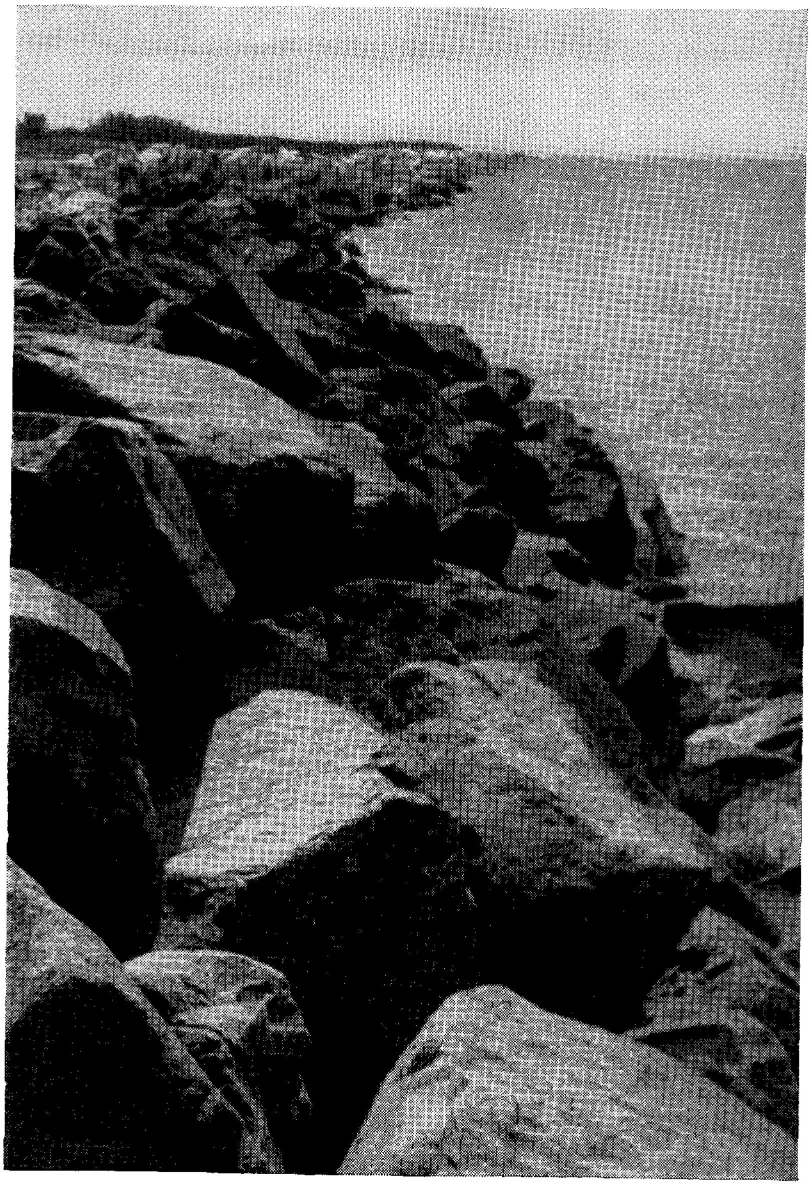
What's all this New York rock doing in Nassau?





Shipping 250,000 tons of rock all the way from New York to Nassau may sound crazy. But there's just no substitute for rock in basic construction. The rock is from one of Martin Marietta's divisions in upstate New York. It's being used here in Nassau for nearly 4000 feet of breakwater, the backbone of a bold harbor development plan which for the first time in Nassau's history allows big ocean-going ships to dock right at the town. Rock, in its own unassuming way, is a wonder material. Divisions of Martin Marietta mine and process rock in 93 plants and market it in 18 states.

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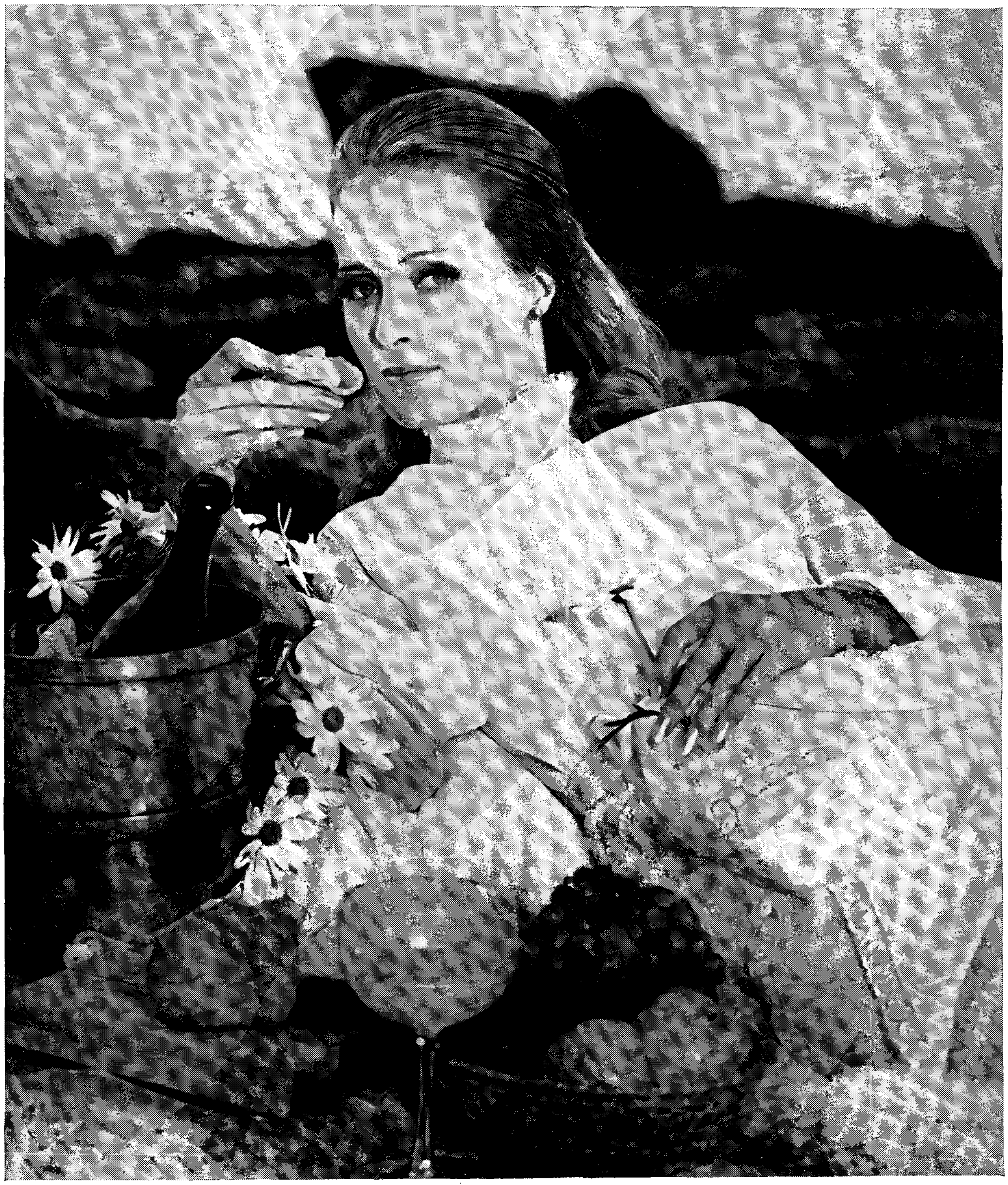

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Bedazzled—An intellectual's "Hellz-a-Poppin," full of relentlessly silly jokes, most of which work. With Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 6.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. (In Swedish at the Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ In English at the 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 7.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Aug. 7.)

Petulia—Richard Lester's giant stride forward, in a story about two people—wonderfully played by Julie Christie and George C. Scott—in San Francisco. The story concerns modern ways of hiding pain and injury. Lester's technique, which is jangly and terse, exactly expresses the subject and becomes eloquent about his own tacit perception of modern pain. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with new beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading a witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savelyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre in this stupendous endeavor, which draws one into another life in a country on the brink of change. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Young Törless—A first feature film by a young German director called Volker Schlöndorff, who has worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book: more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 1.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—Less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays on war. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 3.)

Banana Peel (1965)—A thriller with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 3-5.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 3-5.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 6.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 6.)

Blow-Up (1966)—The Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 2-4.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A Jean Renoir comedy starring Michel Simon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 1.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6-7.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue and Humphrey Bogart in North Africa. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; through Aug. 2.)

The Climax (1967)—Pietro Germi's comedy about an Italian lover-husband-father who loves not wisely but too well. Starring Ugo Tognazzi. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 6.)

The Cousins (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 5-6.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1964)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 2-3.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore in the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 7.)

The Elusive Corporal (1963)—A Jean Renoir film, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 1.)

The Fiancés (1963)—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A François Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 4.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 5.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce, with Annabella. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 4-5.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

My Uncle (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 7.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

Open City (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 2.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 7.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 1.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 4-5.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels. Alain Delon is the murderous hero. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 2-4.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 6.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 2 and 7.)

The Silence (1964)—A chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 6.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—A comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

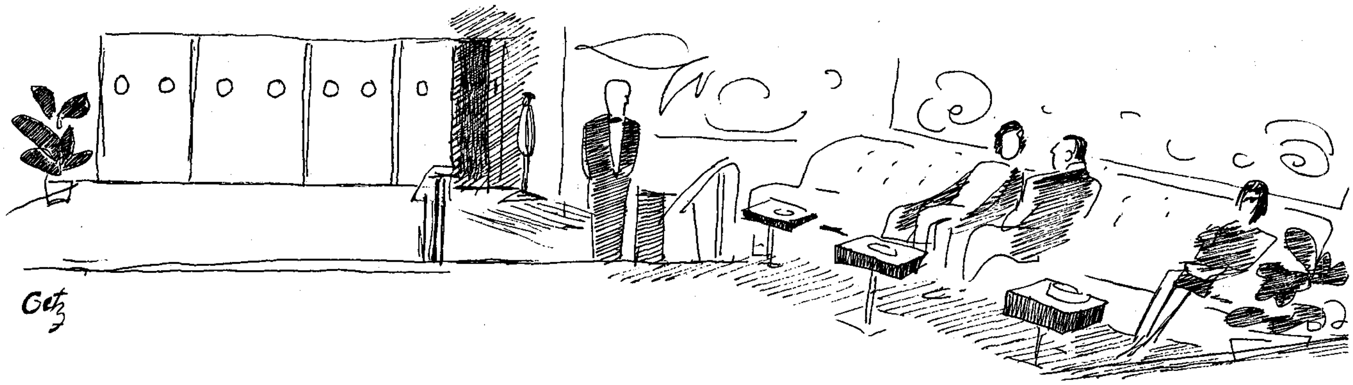
Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; through Aug. 6.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 2.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 6.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival; and "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy," excerpts from some of their movies.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 6: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH,** revival; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From Aug. 7: **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.

Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Aug. 2: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and "The Big Shot," revival, Humphrey Bogart.
Aug. 3-6: "Passage to Marseille," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
From Aug. 7: "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 6: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick; and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From Aug. 7: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
YOUNG TORLESS (in German).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.

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Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 6: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra.
From Aug. 7: "Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 1: **THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL, PICNIC ON THE GRASS,** and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (all in French and all revivals).
Aug. 2-4: **BLOW-UP,** revival; and **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival.
Aug. 5-6: **THE COUSINS** (in French), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Aug. 7: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French), revival; and **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 6: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and **THE CLIMAX** (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 6: **ZORBA THE GREEK,** revival; and "Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Aug. 1: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.
Aug. 2-3: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** (in French), revival; and "Poil de Carotte" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.
Aug. 4-5: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 6: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Aug. 1: "Anzio," Robert Mitchum, Peter Falk.
From Aug. 2: "Thoroughly Modern Millie," revival, Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): **THE PRODUCERS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"5 Card Stud," Dean Martin, Robert Mitchum.

Lyceum, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
Aug. 1: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 2: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
Aug. 3: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 4: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
Aug. 5: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** revival.
Aug. 6: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 7: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Aug. 7: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Strange Affair," Michael York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through Aug. 6: **ULYSSES,** revival.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

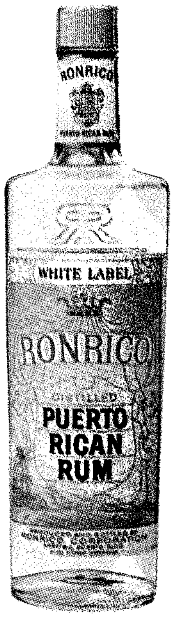
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 2: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 3-5: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **BANANA PEEL** (in French), revival.
Aug. 6-7: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Volpone" (in French), revival, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 6: **BEDAZZLED;** and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.
From Aug. 7: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick; and "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 1: **DAVID COPPERFIELD,** revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
Aug. 2: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **M** (in German), revival.
Aug. 3: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Aug. 4: **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
Aug. 5: **MY UNCLE** and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 6: "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk; and "Torment" (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 7: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): **THE PRODUCERS.**

Ron Rico. Didn't he play the baby-faced bodyguard in Bogie's first big one?



Wrong on two counts. First, that bodyguard was in Bogie's second big one. And Ronrico would never make it as a bodyguard. Just too smooth to rough you up.

Ronrico's a rum. A very light, very dry rum. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico. Which is what makes it such a smooth mixer.

Taste it once and you'll say "Play it again, Sam."

For a 30"x40" color poster of this ad send $1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-3, 74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

©1968 GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF

If you want a real tree, you have to water it.

Of course you could settle for an artificial one. And skip the tender loving care.

The same way you could drink wine from a jelly glass instead of a crystal goblet. Or turn on a fluorescent light instead of lighting a dozen candles.

Or sleep on a no-iron sheet instead of pure cotton percale.

But have you ever made a bed with embroidered percale sheets that looked so lovely that you hated to cover them with a bedspread? So inviting that you wanted to slip right back into bed?

Have you ever run your fingers over them when they were freshly ironed? And felt how the very touch of the fabric was like the touch of a baby's hand?

Then you're the reason we're still making Supercale. Just as we always have since Victorian women embroidered their own initials on them.

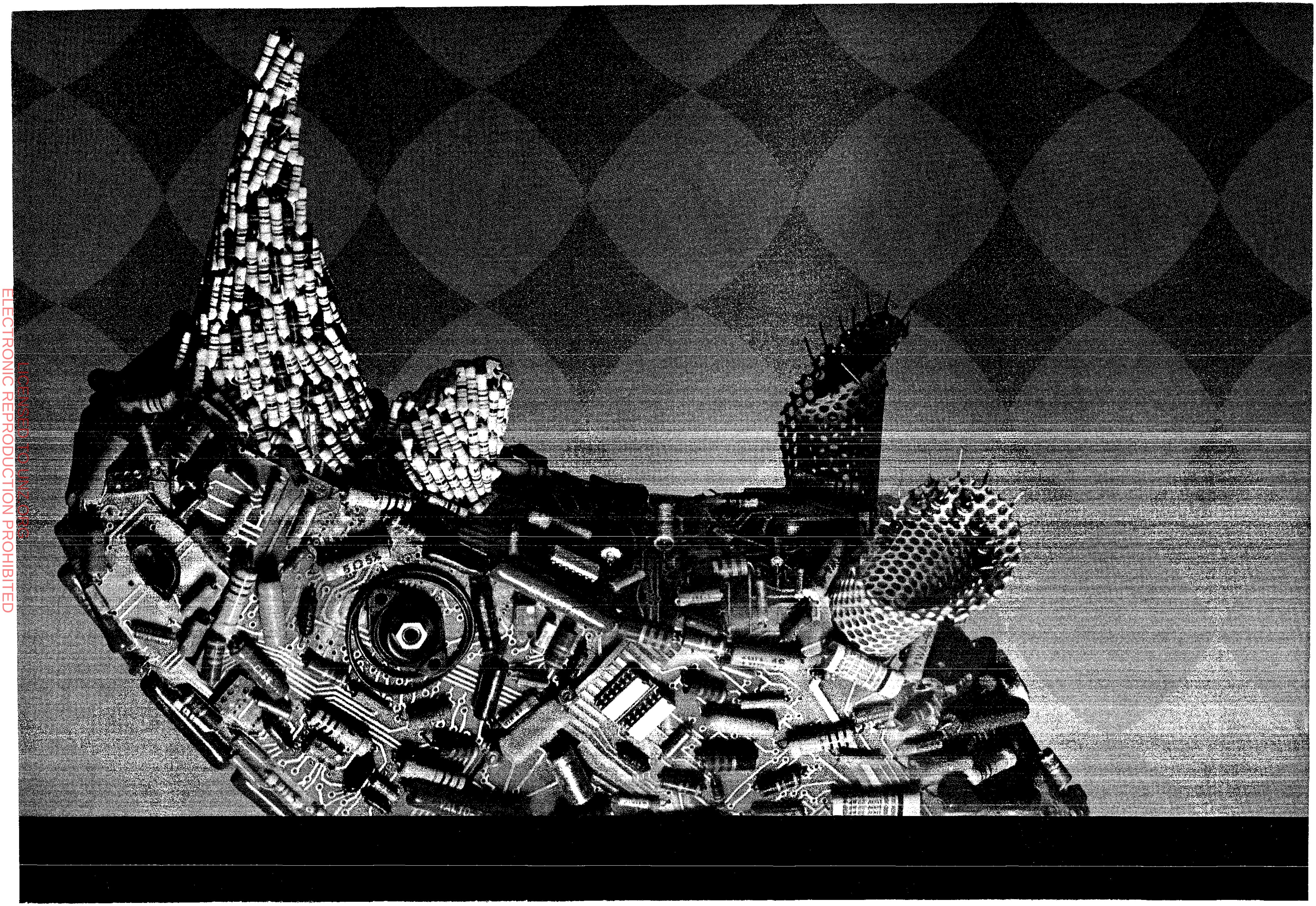
We're still choosing the cotton just as carefully as we did in 1846. All pure natural cotton. And only the longest, most lustrous, flawless strands of it. We're still combing and combing it until it feels almost like silk. Still weaving it so close and firm and strong that Supercale sheets are still being handed down from mother to daughter.

Yes, a Wamsutta Supercale sheet is an out and out luxury.

But it is one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta Supercale.

Wamsutta Supercale

SHOWN: "FLEUR DES ALPS," LOVELY EMBROIDERY ON SUPERCALE®, HEMSTITCHED, IN BLUE, PINK, GOLD OR OLIVE EMBROIDERY ON WHITE. WAMSUTTA MILLS, DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC., 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. [illegible] ALSO [illegible] THE FAMILY: ULTRACALE® LUSTERCALE®, BABY[illegible] AND [illegible] TOWELS. IN FINE STORES FOR THE FINEST HOMES.



Just when you think you've picked the right computer, Honeywell butts in.

As long as you pick a "third-generation" computer, you're all right, right?

Not necessarily.

You see, different computer companies have different ideas about what a "third-generation" computer is. We have one idea; they have another. And you should know the difference.

For openers, a third-generation computer should have all the exotic new features: integrated circuits, operating systems, high-level languages, data communications, and the ability to do several jobs at the same time.

It should also be easy to program, easy to use. A computer that's unnecessarily complex takes people that are unnecessarily expensive to run it.

It should be part of a compatible family of computers. So you can grow without a lot of costly re-programming and re-training.

It should convert your second-generation programs to third-generation programs easily — not just run your old programs the way your old computer did.

All in all, a third-generation computer should give you far more usable computing power per dollar than you could ever get before.

Do we seem to come on awfully strong about all this?

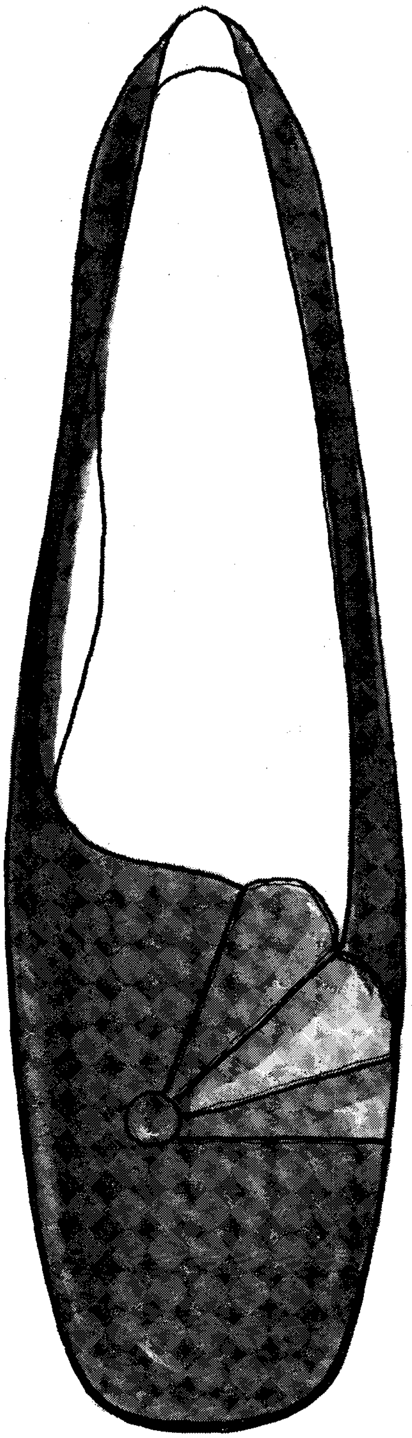
Maybe so. But if we didn't, we couldn't very well sign this ad the way we do...

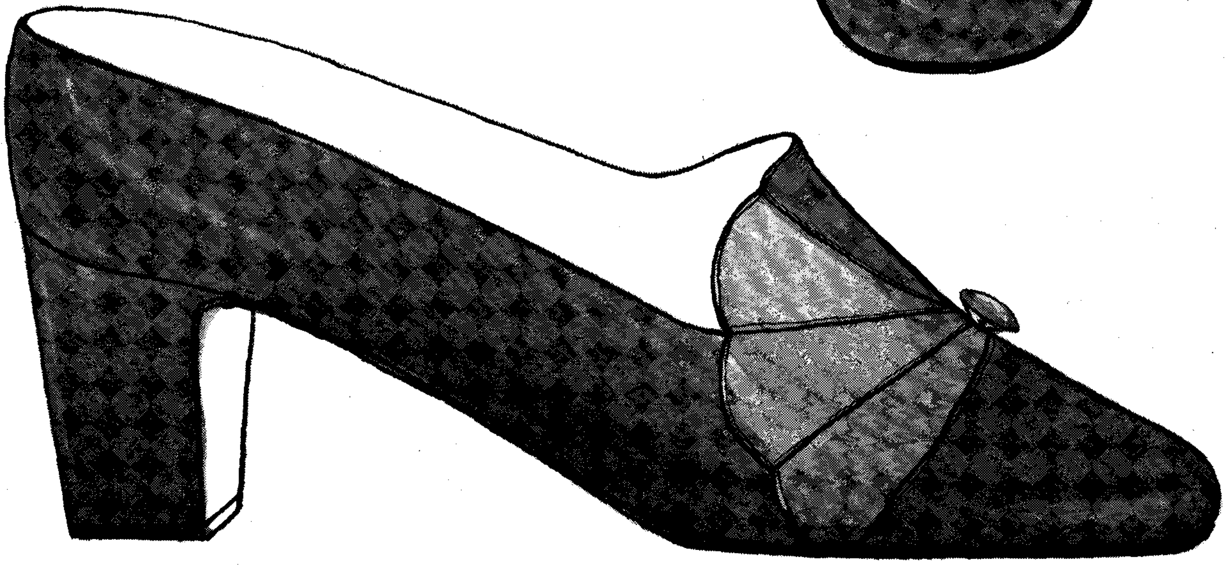
The Other Computer Company: Honeywell

B Altman & Co

The very important up-front pump as stated by Silvia of Fiorentina. Her marvelous version takes a long, colorful view of the throat, adds a new higher heel...then covers it all with soft, soft kidskin. From the Altman Collection, shoe salon, second floor, Fifth Avenue, and in all our branch stores. 46.00.

Just another delightful example of the way Fifth Avenue's great store caters to the many different footwear preferences of New York's smartest women . . . and with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come in and see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.





THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

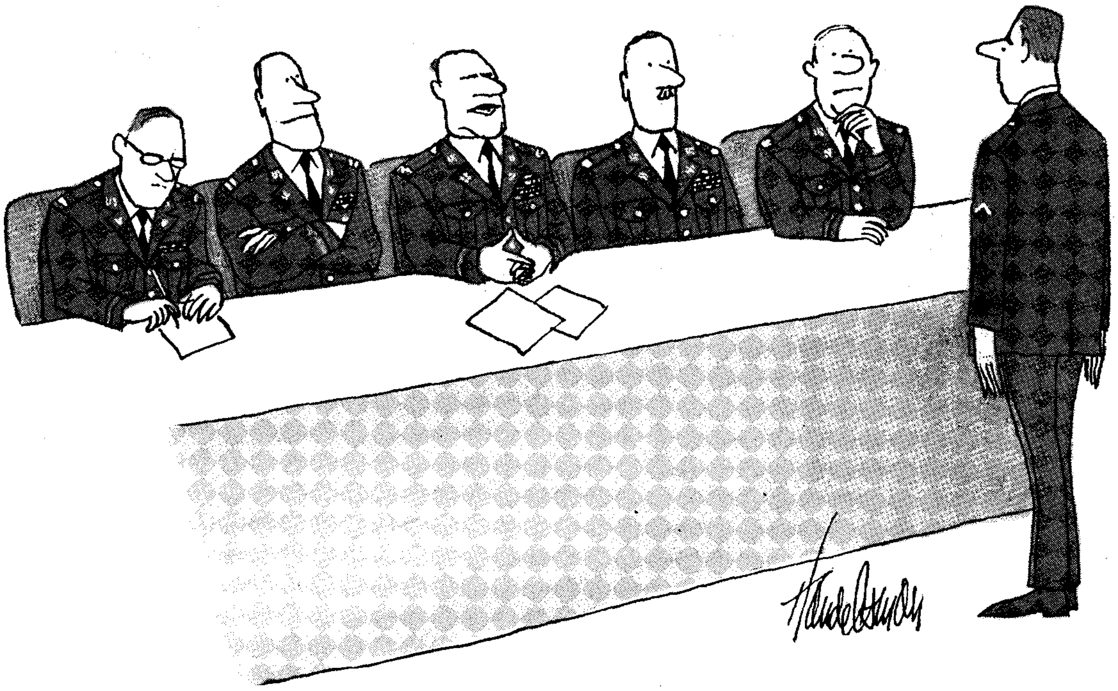
Notes and Comment

"I THINK again back to what Camus wrote about the fact that perhaps this world is a world in which children suffer, but we can lessen the number of suffering children, and if you do not do this, then who will do this? I'd like to feel that I'd done something to lessen that suffering," Senator Robert Kennedy said to David Frost not long before Los Angeles. If only Senator Kennedy were still around, to arouse us all with his eloquent stammer! We wonder what he could have done for the Biafran children whose hideous gaunt faces appeared in a recent issue of *Life* and who will certainly die of protein starvation unless a way can quickly be found to get the food from where it is to where they are. We wonder, too, what the point of the pictures will ultimately turn out to have been—of the famished children fixed by the camera forever in a moment of their suffering, as the leaders of both sides seem frozen in their positions of obduracy. One cannot allow the plight of those children to be made into a newsy event, something of passing interest. The child with the senile features, swollen joints, and faded hair of kwashiorkor must not be put in his place—a little metaphor for injustice between a review of "Futz" and a story about one of the Presidential campaigns. Unless we are stirred to action by his photograph, his expression of deprivation and hope will within a few weeks be buried beneath the weight of other news and other issues of *Life*. The real child, too, will probably be buried. Once again, a larger response is called for: the telegram, the ample check, or, if you are President, as many jets and as many thousands of tons of protein as are needed. The child must not be lost as soon as we turn the page.

The War on Rats

A FEW weeks from now, the city's Department of Health intends to publicize its anti-rat campaign, which is four years old, by launching an educational advertising program, consisting of television and radio commercials, newspaper ads, subway and bus cards, billboard posters, and bilingual brochures, to teach people living in rat-infested areas how to rid themselves of a tenacious and dangerous enemy. In the meantime, in order to bring ourself up to date on how the war on rats is being waged, we've spent an instructive day observing the operations of the Department's Bureau of Pest Control. It began with a morning briefing delivered by the bureau's director, Mr. Murry H. Raphael, in his offices, at the corner of Broadway and Worth Street. Mr. Raphael is a partly bald, bespectacled, and soft-spoken man in his middle fifties, and we found him sitting behind a desk that faced a wall covered with large and intricately detailed maps of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn. The maps were studded, in military-campaign fashion, with about a thousand blue and red pins, and when we asked Mr. Raphael what they signified, he explained that the blue pins marked buildings that the Department of Health or the Department of Buildings had found to be rat-infested, and the red pins marked buildings in which cases of rat bite had been reported. "Back in 1955, when the Department of Health started collecting statistics on rat bites, about five hundred were being reported annually," Mr. Raphael said. "In 1959, there were almost eight hundred, and from 1960 to 1963 there was a yearly average of about seven hundred. In 1964, when the Bureau of Pest Control was organized, the number of rat bites dropped to five hundred and ninety-nine, and in 1965 it went down to four hundred and ninety-seven. In 1966, because of slashes in our budget, we lost eighty-five people, and the reported cases of rat bite rose to five hundred and sixty-two, but last year, when we initiated back-yard and alleyway cleanups and expanded our extermination activities and our public-education programs, the figure dropped to four hundred and thirty. During the present fiscal year, our operating budget will be a million and a half dollars, which is less than we need. If we had five million a year, I think we could do the job—I mean really put a significant dent in the rat population of the city."

We asked Mr. Raphael how large the city's rat population was, and he smiled, shrugged, and replied that it was difficult to assess. "The United States Public Health Service estimates the national population at a rat per person," he said. "The important thing to remember about the rat population of New York, however, is that it is concentrated in the ghettos. Take a



"Aren't you being a little arrogant, son? Here's Lieutenant Colonel Farrington, Major Stark, Captain Truelove, Lieutenant Castle, and myself, all older and more experienced than you, and we think the war is very *moral."*

look at the situation maps. See how the blue and red pins form almost solid clusters in Harlem, in the Mott Haven section of the Bronx, and in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn? We call these sections Phase One areas, and we have established a field office in each of them, but the problem extends much farther. Just look at the clusters of pins on the lower East Side of Manhattan, in the Morrisania section of the Bronx, and in the Red Hook, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Williamsburg sections of Brooklyn! Each of those areas is heavily infested and must be the scene of future Phase One operations." Mr. Raphael shook his head in weary recognition of the task before him, and went on to tell us that in 1967 fifty exterminators and twelve foremen in the Bureau of Pest Control set out nearly a hundred thousand pounds of rodenticide in rat-infested buildings around the city. "The trouble is we can poison rats until we're blue in the face, but it's a waste of time unless garbage is disposed of correctly and rat holes and harborages are plugged up properly," he said. "The only way to get rid of rats, you see, is to deprive them of food and shelter, and that is exceedingly difficult. The Norway, or sewer, rat, which is the most common type here, is a formidable adversary. This rat is about eighteen inches long, from nose to tip of tail, and weighs about a pound. It has a gestation period of twenty-two days and reaches sexual maturity within three or four months; the average female produces twenty baby rats a year. Norway rats require only an ounce of food and an ounce of water a day in order to subsist, they can burrow underground for great distances, and they can gnaw their way easily through wood, plaster, and crumbling masonry. In fact, rats must gnaw in order to survive, because their incisor teeth grow at a terrific rate—up to five inches a year—and would grow right into their jaws if they didn't keep gnawing. Well, I could talk on and on about the characteristics and capabilities of rats, but to see the problem in its proper perspective I think we should visit one of the Phase One areas. Let's go up to Harlem and drop in on the field office there."

Mr. Raphael led us out onto Worth Street, where a car and a driver were waiting, and a few minutes later, as we were tooling north along the East River Drive, he showed us a handbill on rats put out by the Department of Health. The handbill, which was printed in English and in Spanish, was titled "Let's Get Rid of Rats" and "Acabemos con las Ratas," and it urged apartment dwellers to keep their dwellings clean, to store food in covered jars or cans, and to dispose of their garbage in tightly covered pails. "Do not throw garbage in the yard, hallway, or dumbwaiter shaft," it went on. "Keep your baby's crib clean. Wash your baby's face and body before putting him to bed. Rats follow the smell of milk. Watch your baby afterward." When we had finished reading the handbill, Mr. Raphael said, "Rat bites can cause fever and disfigurement, of course, but their most terrible consequence is the adverse psychological effect upon people who have to live day and night with the knowledge that their children are in danger. Can you imagine the mental havoc such a threat creates? Why, if you or I saw a rat, our first reaction—in fact, the only normal human reaction—would be to *run!* Unfortunately, the people who live in our rat-infested ghettos can't run. They have to stay, and we have to help them make it bearable."

The Harlem field office of the Bureau of Pest Control is in a storefront on 116th Street, near First Avenue, and when we arrived, Mr. Raphael introduced us to Mr. Solomon Peeples, a senior public-health sanitarian, who is in charge of the war on rats in the Harlem Phase One area, which extends from 110th Street to 132nd Street, and from the East River to Morningside Park. A short, heavyset Negro in his early forties, Mr. Peeples has a round, genial face, a tiny mustache, and the confident manner of a man who knows his work and its value.

"Well, gentlemen, where do you want to go first?" Mr. Peeples asked.

"How about that vacant lot between a Hundred and Eighteenth and a Hundred and Nineteenth on Park Avenue?" Mr. Raphael replied.

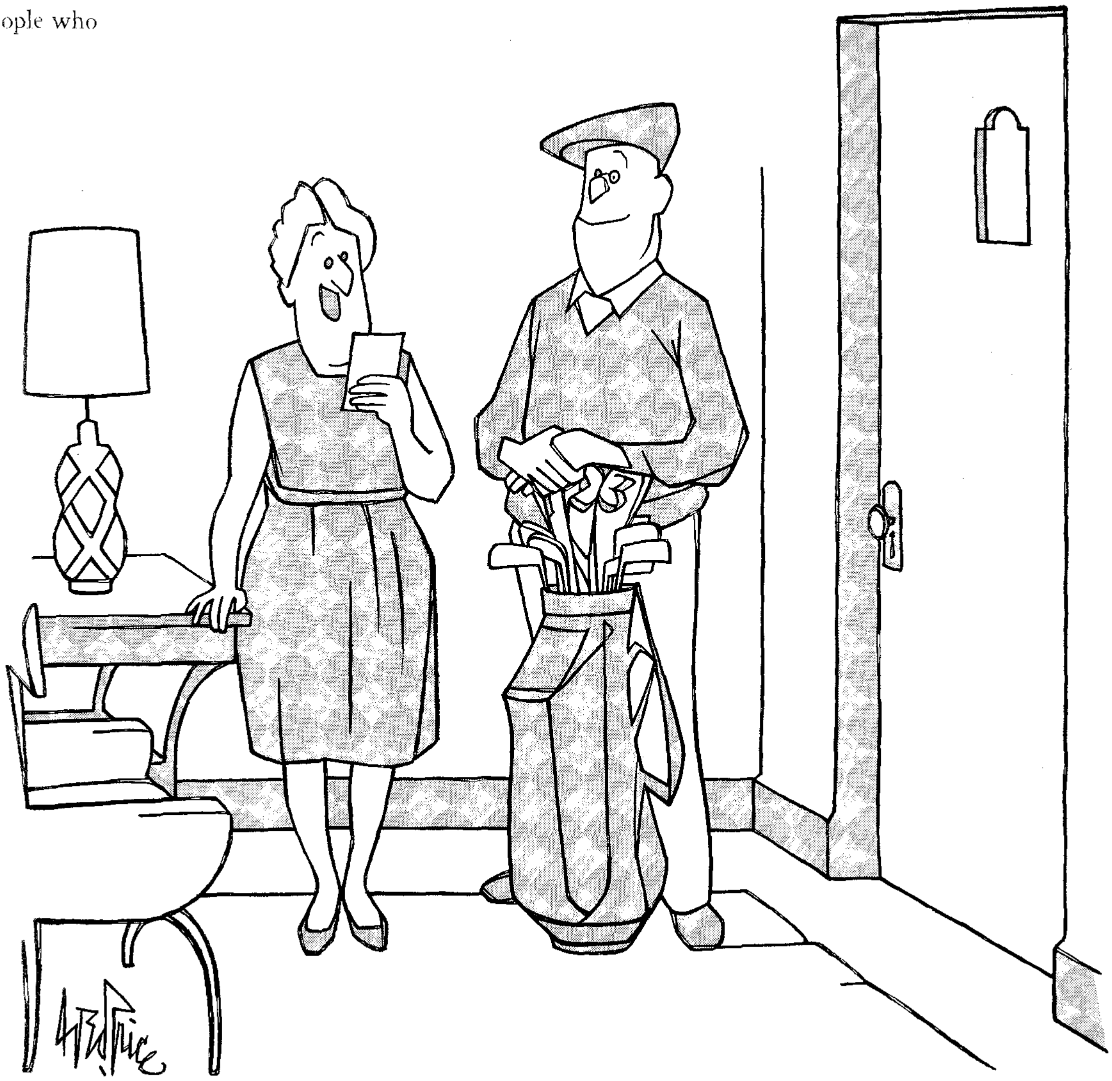
"As good a place as any," Mr. Peeples said grimly. "That was one of the worst messes we've come across. It has taken us two full months to clean it up."

The three of us arrived at the lot around noon, and found five men in work clothes waiting for us on the sidewalk beside nearly a hundred cardboard boxes filled with garbage, bottles, cans, and other debris. Mr. Raphael's driver made a U-turn beneath the Penn Central Railroad tracks and drew up to the curb, and when we had got out of the car, Mr. Peeples congratulated the men on a good morning's work and told them to knock off for lunch. "These fellows are community-service aides, whom we've hired straight from the ghetto," he said. "Some of them have been in trouble and have police records, but they have been working their hearts out for us. It's a real chance for them, because, in addition to performing cleanup tasks like this one, they receive classroom and field training in rat-control techniques, which will enable them to get jobs with private exterminators."

He led us across the lot, toward Madison Avenue, and into a dank alleyway that ran between the backs of two rows of dilapidated brownstone buildings. "You wouldn't believe what this place looked like when we arrived," he said. "Tenants in this block had been airmailing refuse out of their windows for years, and in some sections the accumulation was seven feet deep. As a result, rats were being sighted in broad daylight—always a sign of heavy infestation. In fact, when we see a single rat in the daytime we know there are at least twenty in the immediate vicinity. Most of these buildings are in shocking condition. They have no superintendents and no incinerators, and many of the people who live in them are unemployed and despondent, without hope or pride. Some of them have come to the city from rural areas, where sanitation is not of such crucial importance. What we're trying to do is show them that we care. We're also letting them know their responsibilities. We go from door to door explaining that we'll clean up the mess and get rid of the rats, but that it will then be up to them to keep things clean. It's a slow and sometimes discouraging process, but we're making progress." On the way back to Park Avenue, Mr. Peeples took us into a small courtyard between two abandoned buildings and, pointing with the toe of his shoe, showed us a rat burrow leading into the ground beside a foundation wall. "This is an entry hole," he said. "It probably goes down eighteen inches or so. Then it may extend horizontally anywhere from two feet to two hundred feet—until the rats find a weak spot in the wall, through which they can tunnel their way into the cellar. Rats have a keen sense of touch and an uncanny ability to locate small defects in mortar and brick. They are also masters of camouflage. This burrow probably has at least two escape hatches, but we could look all day without finding them, because the rats have concealed them with loose debris in such a way that they're almost impossible to detect."

Our next stop was a ramshackle six-story apartment building on 115th Street, between Madison and Fifth Avenues. When we arrived there, Mr. Raphael and his driver left to visit the field office in the Bronx, and we accompanied Mr. Peeples into the cellar of the building, where two of his assistants were setting out dozens of open boxes of rat poison. The cellar had an earth floor, a ceiling of wooden beams and planks, and stone-and-mortar walls full of holes and chinks, through which daylight penetrated the gloom. Mr. Peeples shone a flashlight over piles of rubbish that cluttered the floor, and shook his head. "This place is a paradise for rats," he said. "It's a regular sieve. Before the landlord can have any chance of passing inspection, he will have to plug up all these holes with concrete or sheet metal, remove all the refuse, and shovel out the whole floor. In the meantime, in addition to paying for the poison we're setting out each month, he is required by law to retain the services of a private exterminator. Since welfare clients in buildings that have been certified as rat-infested, like this one, do not have to pay rent, and since the Rent Commission has the power to reduce rents for the other tenants of such dwellings, he's probably beginning to hurt financially. It's a pressure-and-punishment system, but it's the only way to get results."

When we emerged from the cellar, Mr. Peeples directed his assistants to deliver more boxes of rat poison to the tenants of the building, and we waited with him on the sidewalk while they made the rounds of the apartments. "We're at present inspecting and baiting six hundred certified-rat-infested buildings in the Harlem Phase One



"*An eighty-seven! You must have worn your Arnold Palmer all-weather sports jacket!*"

area," he told us. "Remember, though, that these are only the buildings that we've had complaints about or where rat bites have been reported. The total number of rat-infested dwellings in Harlem probably comes to several thousand. Last October, when we opened the field office here, I was able to hire a hundred and six community-service aides to assist our full-time exterminators and to clear up back yards and alleyways. During the fall and winter, we made a methodical sweep from a Hundred and Tenth Street to a Hundred and Eighteenth Street. It was a really efficient operation, and, since the key to the whole problem is depriving the rats of their food supply, I'm happy to say that, for the most part, the residents of those neighborhoods have kept things clean. Then, this spring, the state legislature cut our budget, and we had to reduce the staff. At the present time, I have only twenty-six community-service aides, so we have to conduct our activities on a stopgap basis. I understand we're going to get more money from a supplementary budget, and I certainly hope so, because I'm convinced that with the proper forces and with the support of the people we could destroy the rat population here in Harlem."

Nice Little Cab

WHATEVER their merits as family vehicles may be, the stock cars from Detroit that make up the taxi fleets in New York are regarded by many of the people who pay to travel in their back seats as less than the ideal of comfort. Mayor Lindsay, a tall and long-legged man, seems to share these people's feelings on the subject. In mid-May, the Mayor, noting that more than ninety per cent of the taxis plying the streets of the city failed to conform to certain guidelines, including roominess, that are recommended by the Police Department, announced that the city would study the design of cabs used in other countries—Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Sweden among them—in order to determine the best features of various models and incorporate them into a new taxi design, suitable to New York conditions and "with the demands of the riding public's service as a first consideration rather than an afterthought." At the same time, the Mayor announced that two foreign taxicabs—an Austin FX-4 and a Peugeot 404, representing models commonly used in London and Paris, respectively—would be put into service on the New York streets, on a six-month trial basis, as part of the working fleets of two New York cab companies.

Well, the first of these cabs, the Austin, went into service in Manhattan over the Fourth of July weekend, and the other day we rode around in it for a while, sitting beside the driver, in an attempt to get the feel of the cab and learn the taxi-riding public's reaction to it. By arrangement, we picked up the London cab at the garage of the Columbia Operating Company, on West Forty-sixth Street, shortly before the customary midafternoon crew shift. In the dispatch room, where arriving and departing drivers were shouting and milling around in fairly Hogarthian fashion, we found Ira Suchman, a gray-haired man who is a partner in the cab company. Mr. Suchman told us that the Austin had just pulled into the garage, and he took us out to see it. Like all the Detroit-built cabs around it, the Austin was painted yellow, but, compared to the other cabs, it seemed short and high-roofed. (We had read somewhere that one of the traditional requirements for a London taxicab is that the door be tall enough to permit a male passenger in formal dress to step in without removing his top hat.)

"My impression is that this is a nice little cab," Mr. Suchman told us. He described some of its operating and design features; for example, it was powered by a four-cylinder motor, it had a turning circle of twenty-five feet, compared to forty feet for a standard New York cab, and was about two feet shorter than the average cab, and it had a carrying capacity of five passengers. Mr. Suchman opened a rear door and showed us the inside. The rear compartment had almost as much legroom as a Checker cab has, and considerably more headroom. The rear seat, which was high-backed, was neatly upholstered in a brown vinyl-coated fabric, and two jump seats were done in the same material. The rear compartment was separated from the front by a glass panel, the right half of which could be slid open by the driver. The fixtures in the rear compartment included half-moon-shaped ashtrays on the insides of the doors and a switch enabling a passenger to turn an interior heating system on or off. "The big advantage of the passenger compartment is that the floor line isn't broken up by the drive shaft," Mr. Suchman said. "The cab is built high, so that it doesn't interfere with the passengers' legroom. The springs on the seats are strong—I don't think they would cave in easily. The cab is relatively expensive—about thirty-five hundred dollars, against twenty-seven hundred for a standard American cab. They tell me one of them lasts for four or five years of service in London, but we have no way of knowing how long one might last under New York driving conditions. Here we turn a cab in after fifteen to eighteen months of use. The four-cylinder motor has been giving us about eleven miles a gallon so far, which is about half as good as the average in London and about the same as we get from an American cab."

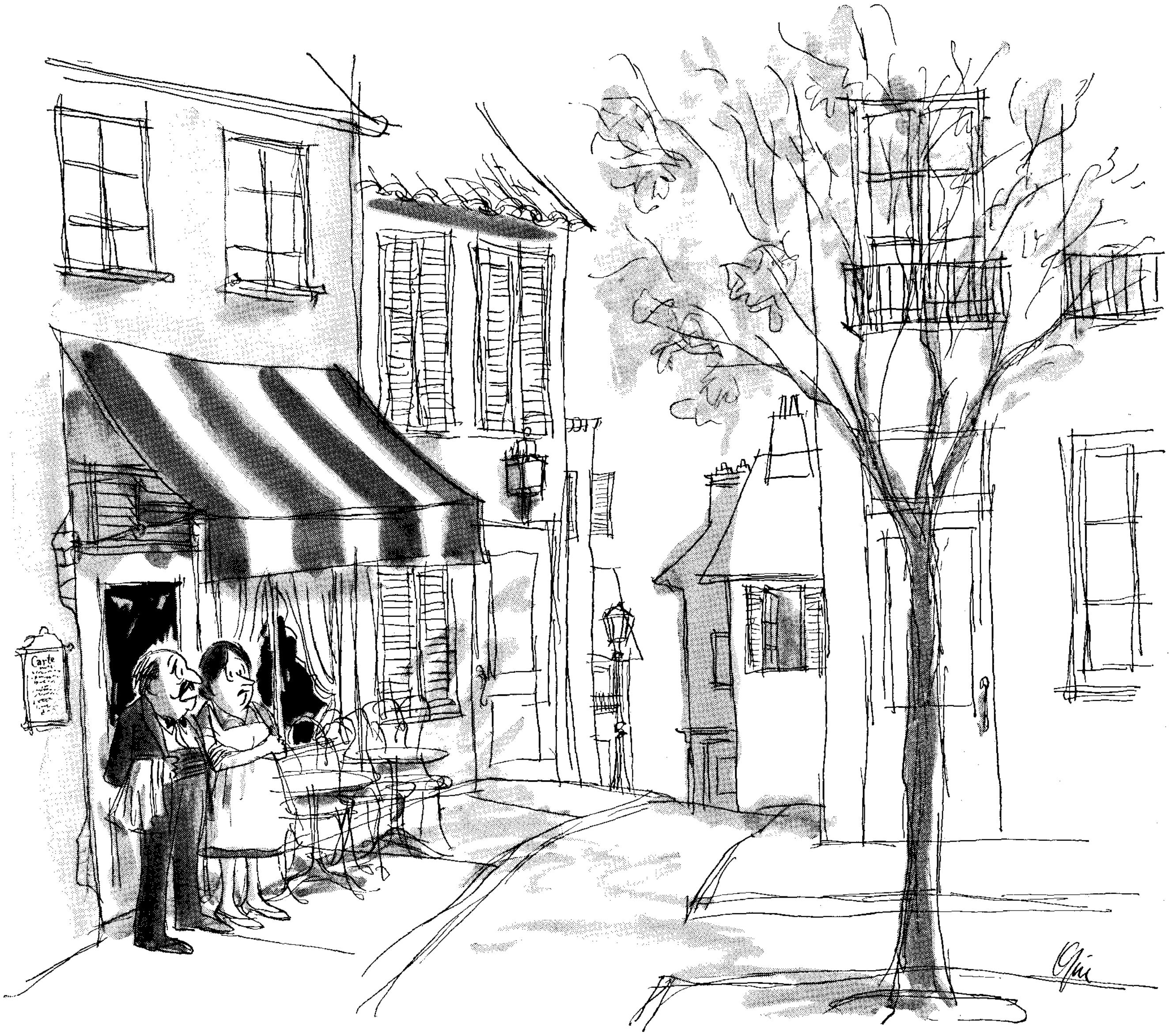
Mr. Suchman called over the driver who had been assigned to the Austin on the previous shift—Willie Craig, a big, good-natured man who was wearing a bright-red shirt and a tiki. Speaking with a West Indian accent, Mr. Craig told us that he had been out with the Austin since five o'clock that morning. "I've been driving cabs in New York for fifteen years, and I don't think you could find a better car than this," he said. "Its stopping ability is very good. Another thing, when it's raining, it doesn't slide, like other cars. The visibility is good. The turning is very good, provided you can get used to manual turning. I'm used to power steering. My passengers have been very pleased."

Another driver came up to us and said, "I've driven this cab. My reaction is it's difficult. The steering is hard, like. You have to use two hands to drive that car. It needs power steering. And it needs a safety catch on the passengers' door. I made a sharp turn yesterday and the door swung open."

The man who was to drive the Austin on the new shift came up and got in, and Mr. Suchman introduced us. His name was Richard Fettig, he had a pencil-line mustache, and he was wearing amber wraparound sunglasses and sky-blue pants. We climbed in and crouched next to the driver's seat, in a space that had been intended solely as a luggage compartment but was due to be equipped with a jump seat for a front passenger, and Mr. Fettig started off.

The Austin went east on Forty-sixth Street, then north on Sixth Avenue. At Forty-seventh Street, a cab pulled abreast on the right. "That one of them English cabs? How's it drive?" the driver called out.

"Not bad!" Mr. Fettig said. "Four cylinders. No power steering. A little rough, but it's O.K."



"And remember how they were all the time taking snapshots and asking for glasses of water? And their funny clothes? And how loud they were? But generous. Generous to a fault."

• •

At Forty-eighth, another cabdriver came abreast. Sticking his head out of his window, he said, "Aye *sye!*"

At Forty-ninth, a third driver came abreast. "Is that a cab or is it a clock?" he called out to Mr. Fettig.

"This is the coming cab! This is from England!" Mr. Fettig called back warmly.

At Fifty-third Street and Madison Avenue, Mr. Fettig picked up his first fare of the afternoon—a couple. They were both very well dressed—the man in a tailored business suit, and the girl, who was pretty, in an orange dress, with pale-rose-colored glasses. We asked the couple how they liked the cab. They both looked very much pleased.

"Now, this is *the* cab we want!" the man said. "I like being able just to walk into it."

"Oh, it's adorable!" the girl said. "I think it's *fun*. It's definitely a plus."

The couple got out at Fifty-sixth Street and Park Avenue. Mr. Fettig went around the corner and headed west on Fifty-fifth Street, where he soon picked up another fare—also a man and a girl. The man had a beard, and was wearing a heavily striped blue-and-white shirt and yellow sunglasses. The girl was blond, and was wearing a pink dress and big pink glasses.

"It rides well," the man said.

"It's charming!" the girl said. "I think it's great. I think it's a very comfortable seat."

"The steering is a little difficult, but with power steering I could drive it twenty-four hours a day," Mr. Fettig said.

The next fare was a gray-haired lady in a violet dress, who got into the cab with a number of gaily decorated shopping bags at Twenty-sixth Street and Madison.

"Very comfortable. I'm up so high I feel like Queen Mary," she said.

"I've been driving a cab in New York for seventeen years," Mr. Fettig said to us.

"So comfortable. So much easier to get in and out of than those low cabs," the lady said. "I'm a stylist for photographers, and I've always got lots of bundles of things with me, like these shopping bags. You always have to push them over in these low cabs. And then that horrible hump in the middle!"

"How's the steering?" a cruising cabdriver called out from our right.

"No power steering, but not bad," Mr. Fettig said. "Very solid. Very tight. You know? I think it will catch on with the public."

"I have one suggestion," the lady passenger said. "The ashtray ought to be next to the seat, not on the door. If you slam the door, the ashes may jump out. Just a thought."

THE FALLING DOG

gay dogs falling
sense in which you would say of a thing,
it's a dog, as you would say, it's a lemon
rain of dogs like rain of frogs
or shower of objects dropped to confuse
enemy radar

Well, it was a standoff. I was on the concrete. He was standing there. Neither of us spoke. I wondered what he was like (the dog's life). It was as if you were looking for a house, answering ads, and after you had inspected each house you turned to the real-estate man and asked (waving a hand to indicate the neighborhood), "What are *the* people like?" And of course he can't say, because he doesn't know. But he says something anyhow. "What are the people like?" "Very friendly." "What are the people like?" "They're nice people." "What are the people like?" "They play croquet." "What are the people like?" "Republicans."

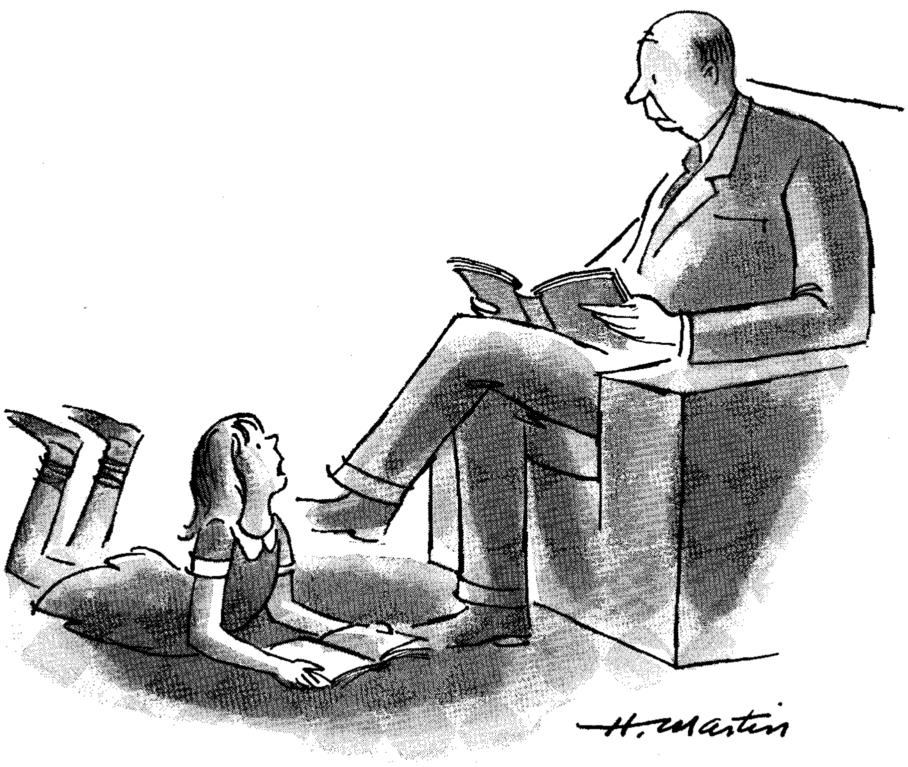
I was curious about the dog. Then I understood why I was curious.

wrapped or bandaged. vulnerability
but also
aluminum
plexiglass
anti-hairy materials
vaudeville (the slide for life)

Yes, a dog jumped on me out of a high window. I think it was the third floor, or the fourth floor. Or the third floor. Well, it knocked me down. I had my chin on the concrete. Well, he didn't bark before he jumped. It was a silent dog. I was stretched out on the concrete with the dog on my back. The dog was looking at me, his muzzle curled round my ear, his breath was bad. I said, "Get off."

He did. He walked away looking back over his shoulder. "Christ," I said. Crumbs of concrete had been driven into my chin. "For God's sake," I said. The dog was four or five metres down the sidewalk, standing still. Looking back at me over his shoulder.

(Of course I instantly made up a scenario to explain everything. There on the concrete. Involving a mysterious ((very beautiful)) woman. Her name is Sophie. I follow the dog to her house. "The dog brought me." There is a ringing sound. "What is that ringing?" "That is the electric eye." "Did I break a beam?" "You and the dog together. The dog is only admitted if he brings someone." "What is that window he jumped out of?" "That is his place." "But he comes here because . . ." "His food is here." Sophie smiles and puts a hand on my arm. "Now you must go. You must return the dog." "Take the dog back to his place and then come back here?" "No, just take the dog back to his place. That will be enough. When he has finished eating." "Is that all there is to it?" "I needed the beam broken," Sophie says with a piteous look ((Sax Rohmer)). "When the beam is broken, the bell rings. The bell summons a man." "Another man." "Yes. A Swiss." "I could do whatever it is he does." "No. You are for breaking the beam and taking the dog back to his place." I hear him then, the Swiss. I hear his motorcycle. The door opens, he enters, a real brute, muscled, lots of fur ((Olympia Press)). "Why is the dog still here?" "This man refuses to take him back." The Swiss grabs the dog under the muzzle mock playfully. "He wants to stay!" the Swiss says, to the dog. "*He wants to stay!*" Then the Swiss turns to me. "You're not going to take the dog back?" Threatening look, gestures, etc., etc. "No," I say. "The dog jumped on my back, out of a window. A very high window, the third floor or the fourth floor. My chin was driven into the concrete." "What do I care about your flaming chin? I don't think you understand your function. Your function is to get knocked down by the dog, follow the dog here and break the beam, then take the dog back to his place. There's no reason in the world why we should stand here and listen to a lot of flaming nonsense about your flaming etc., etc. . . .")



"*Have the sands of time just about run out for you, Grandpa?*"

I looked at the dog. He looked at me.

who else has done dogs?
Baskin, Bacon, Landseer, Hogarth,
Hals

with leashes trailing as they fall
with dog impedimenta following:
bowl, bone, collar, license, Gro-pup

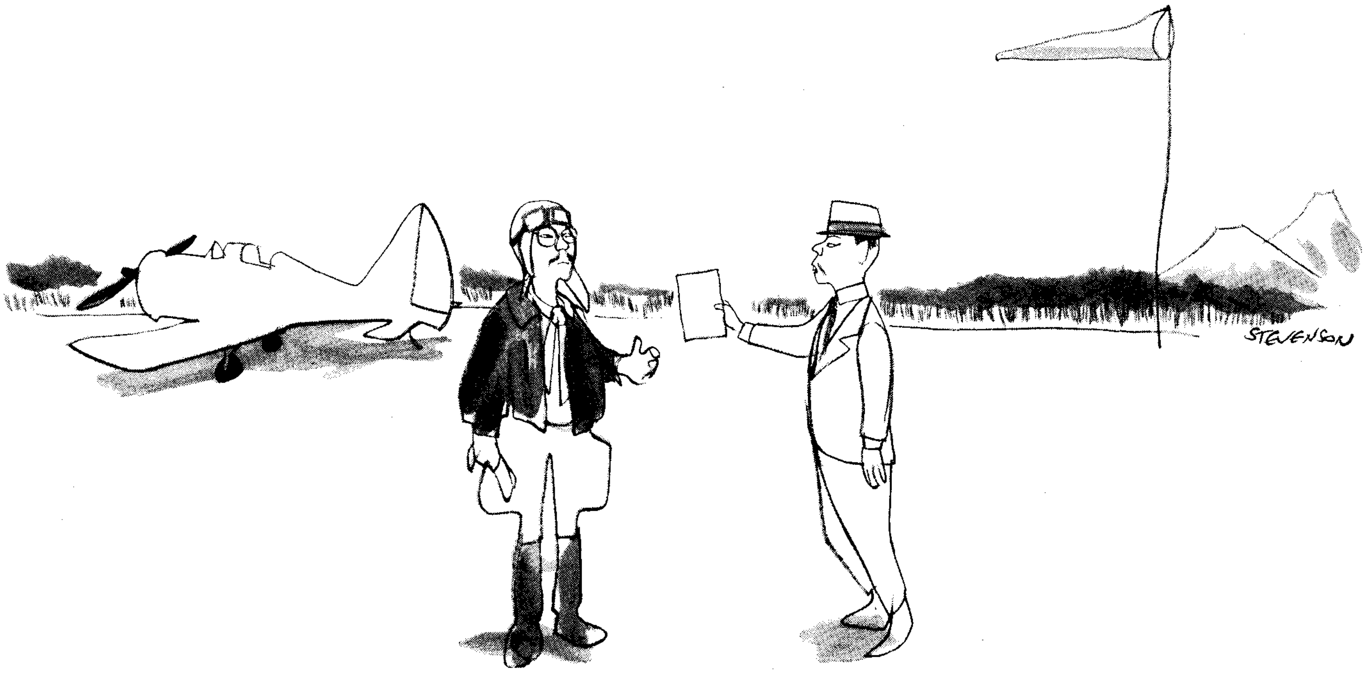
I noticed that he was an Irish setter, rust-colored. He noticed that I was a Welsh sculptor, buff-colored (no, really, what did he notice? how does he think?). I reflected that he was probably a nice dog from a good home (bourgeois dog) but with certain unfortunate habits like jumping on people from high windows (rationalization: he is a member of the television generation and thus—)

Well, I read a letter, then. A letter that had come to me from Germany, that had been in my pocket. I hadn't wanted to read it before but now I read it. It seemed a good time.

Mr. XXXX XXXXXXXX
c/o Blue Gallery
Madison and Eighty-first St.
New York, N.Y.

DEAR MR. XXXXXXXX:

For the above-mentioned publishers I am preparing a book of recent American sculptors. This work shall not become a



"Here, Toshio. Go up and do this haiku for Shima's Rice."

* *

collection of gee-gaws and so, it tries to be an aimed presentation of the qualitative best recent American sculptors. I personnally am fascinated from your collected YAWNING MAN series of sculptors as well as the YAWNING lithographs. For this reason I absolutely want to include a new figure or figures from you if there are new ones. The critiques of your first show in Basel had been very bad. The German reviewers are coming from such immemorial conceptions of art that they did not know what to do with your sculptors. And I wish a better welcome to your contribution to this book when it is published here. Please send recent photographs of the work plus explanatory text on the YAWNING MAN.

Many thanks! and kindest regards!
Yours,
R. RONDORFER

Well, I was right in not wanting to read that letter. It was kind of this man to be interested in something I was no longer interested in. How was he to know that I was in that unhappiest of states, between images?

But now something new had happened to me.

dogs as a luxury (what do we need them for?)
hounds of heaven
fallen in the sense of fallen angels
flayed dogs falling? musculature
sans skeleton?

But it is well to be suspicious. Sometimes an image is not an image at all but merely an idea. People have wasted years.

I wanted the dog's face. Whereas my old image, the Yawning Man, had been faceless (except for a gap where the mouth was, the yawn itself), I wanted the dog's face. I wanted his expression, falling. I thought of the alternatives: screaming, smiling. And things in between.

dirty and clean dogs
ultra-clean dogs, laboratory animals.
thrown or flung dogs
in series, Indian file

an exploded view of the Falling Dog:
head, heart, liver, lights

to the dogs
putting on the dog:
I am telling him something which isn't true

and we are both falling

dog tags!
but forget puns. Cloth falling dogs, the gingham dog and the etc., etc. Pieces of cloth dogs falling. Or quarter-inch plywood in layers, the layers separated by an inch or two of airspace. Like old triple-wing aircraft

dog-ear (pages falling with corners bent back)

Tray: cafeteria trays of some obnoxious brown plastic
But enough puns

Group of tiny hummingbird-sized falling dogs
Massed in upper corners of a room with high ceilings 14-17 foot
in rows, in ranks, on their backs

Well, I understood then that this was my new image. The Falling Dog. My old image, the Yawning Man, was played out. I had done upward of two thousand Yawning Men in every known material, and I was tired of it. Images fray, tatter, empty themselves. I had seven good years with that image, the Yawning Man, but—

But now I had the Falling Dog, what happiness.

(flights? sheets?)
of falling dogs. Flat falling dogs like sails
Day-glo dogs falling

am I being sufficiently skeptical?
try it out

die like a
dog-eat-dog
proud as a dog in shoes
dogfight
doggerel
dogmatic

am I being over-impressed by the circumstances?
suddenness
pain
but it's a gift. thank you.

love me love my

styrofoam?

Well, I got up and brushed off my chin, then. The silent dog was still standing there. I went up to him carefully. He did not move. I had to wonder about what it meant, the Falling Dog, but I didn't have to wonder about it now, I could wonder later. I wrapped my arms around his belly, and together we rushed to the studio.

—DONALD BARTHELME

SEVENTH HOUSE

Krishna ran his finger over the block of ice in order to wipe away the layer of sawdust, chiselled off a piece, crushed it, and filled the rubber ice bag. This activity in the shaded corner of the back veranda gave him an excuse to get away from the sickroom, but he could not dawdle over it, for he had to keep the icecap on his wife's brow continuously, according to the doctor's command. In that battle between ice and mercury column, it was ice that lost its iciness, while the mercury column held its ground at a hundred and three degrees Fahrenheit. The doctor had looked triumphant on the day he diagnosed the illness as typhoid, and announced with glee, "We now know what stick to employ for beating it; they call it Chloromycetin. Don't you worry anymore." He was a good doctor but given to lugubrious humor and monologuing.

The Chloromycetin pills were given to the patient as directed, and at the doctor's next visit Krishna waited for him to pause for breath and then cut in with "The fever has not gone down," holding up the temperature chart.

The doctor threw a brief, detached look at the sheet and continued, "The municipality served me a notice to put a slab over the storm drain at my gate, but my lawyer said—"

"Last night she refused food," Krishna said.

"Good for the country, with its food shortage. Do you know what the fat grain merchant in the market did? When he came to show me his throat, he asked if I was an M.D.! I don't know where he learned about M.D.s."

"She was restless and tugged at her bedclothes," Krishna said, lowering his voice as he noticed his wife open her eyes.

The doctor touched her pulse with the tip of his finger and said breezily, "Perhaps she wants a different-colored sheet, and why not?"

"I have read somewhere the tugging of bedclothes is a bad sign."

"Oh, you and your reading!"

The patient moved her lips. Krishna bent close to her, and straightened himself to explain, "She is asking when you will let her get up."

The doctor said, "In time for the Olympics . . ." and laughed at his own joke. "I'd love to be off for the Olympics myself."

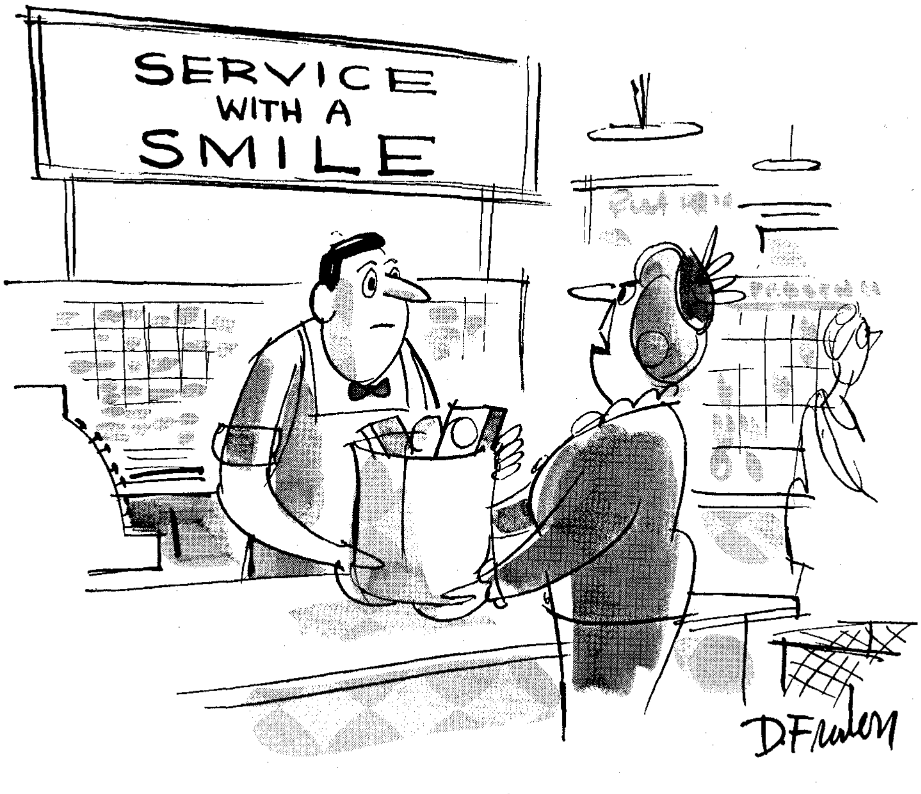
Krishna said, "The temperature was a hundred and three at 1 A.M. . . ."

"Didn't you keep the ice going?"

"Till my fingers were numb."

"We will treat you for cramps by and by, but first let us see the lady of the house back in the kitchen."

So Krishna found, after all, a point of agreement with the doctor. He wanted his wife back in the kitchen very badly. He miscooked the rice in a different way each day, and swallowed it with buttermilk at mealtime and ran back to his wife's bedside.



"Well?"

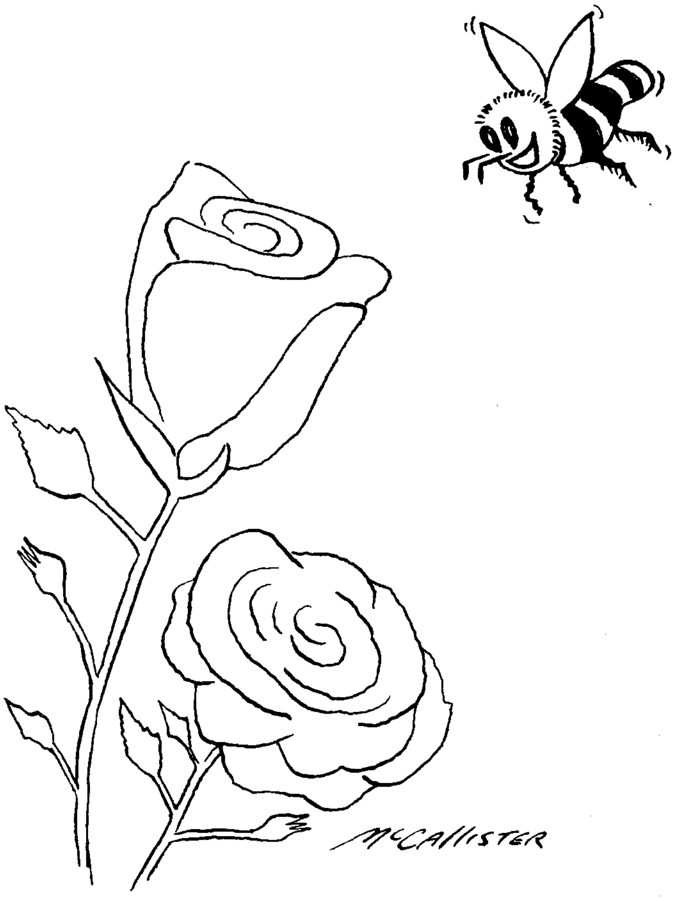
The servant maid came in the afternoon to tidy up the patient and the bed, and relieved Krishna for almost an hour, which he spent in watching the street from the doorway: a cyclist passing, schoolchildren running home, crows perching in a row on the opposite roof, a street hawker crying his wares—anything seemed interesting enough to take his mind off the fever.

Another week passed. Sitting there beside her bed, holding the ice bag in position, he brooded over his married life from its beginning.

When he was studying at Albert Mission he used to see a great deal of her; they cut their classes, sat on the river's edge, discussed earnestly their present and future, and finally decided to marry. The parents on both sides felt that here was an instance of the evils of modern education: young people would not wait for their elders to arrange their marriage but settled things for themselves, aping Western manners and cinema stories. Except for the lack of propriety, in all other respects the proposal should have proved acceptable; financial background of the families, the caste and group requirements, age, and everything else was correct. The elders relented eventually, and on a fine day the horoscopes of the boy and girl were exchanged and found not suited to each other. The boy's horoscope indicated Mars in the Seventh House, which spelled disaster for his bride. The girl's father refused to consider the proposal further. The boy's parents were outraged at the attitude of the bride's party—a bride's father was a seeker and the bridegroom's the giver, and how dare they be finicky? "Our son will get a bride a hundred times superior to this girl. After all, what has she to commend her? All college girls make themselves up to look pretty, but that is not everything." The young couple felt and looked miserable, which induced the parents to reopen negotiations. A wise man suggested that, if other things were all right, they could ask for a sign and go ahead. The parties agreed to a flower test. On an auspicious day they assembled in the temple. The wick lamp in the inner sanctum threw a soft illumination around. The priest lit a piece of camphor and circled it in front of the image in the sanctum. Both sets of parents and their supporters, standing respectfully in the pillared hall, watched the image and prayed for guidance. The priest beckoned to a boy of four who was with another group of worshippers. When he hesitated, the priest dangled a piece of coconut. The child approached the threshold of the sanctum greedily. The priest picked off a red and a white flower from the garland on the image, placed them on a tray, and told the boy to choose one.

"Why?" asked the boy, uneasy at being watched by so many people. If the red flower was chosen, it would indicate God's approval. The little boy accepted the piece of coconut and tried to escape, but the priest held him by the shoulder and commanded, "Take a flower!," at which the child burst into tears and wailed for his mother. The adults despaired. The crying of the child at this point was inauspicious; there should have been laughter and the red flower. The priest said, "No need to wait for any other sign. The child has shown us the way," and they all dispersed silently.

Despite the astrologers, Krishna married the girl, and Mars in the Seventh House was, eventually, forgotten.



"Good morning, good morning! I bring you pollen from the Rose Garden of the White House!"

• •

THE patient seemed to be asleep. Krishna tiptoed out of the room, and told the servant maid waiting in the veranda, "I have to go out and buy medicines. Give her orange juice at six, and look after her until I return." He stepped out of his house, feeling like a released prisoner. He walked along, enjoying the crowd and bustle of the Market Road until the thought of his wife's fever came back to his mind. He desperately needed someone who could tell him the unvarnished truth about his wife's condition. The doctor touched upon all subjects except that. When Chloromycetin failed to bring down the fever, he said cheerfully, "It only shows that it is not typhoid but something else. We will do other tests tomorrow." And that morning, before leaving: "Why don't you pray, instead of all this cross-examination of me?"

"What sort of prayer?" Krishna had asked naïvely.

"Well, you may say, 'Oh God, if You *are* there, save me if You can!' " the doctor replied, and guffawed loudly at his own joke. The doctor's humor was most trying.

Krishna realized that the doctor might sooner or later arrive at the correct diagnosis, but would it be within the patient's lifetime? He was appalled at the prospect of bereavement; his heart pounded wildly at the dreadful thought. Mars, having lain dormant, was astir now. Mars and an unidentified microbe had combined forces. The microbe was the doctor's business, however confused he might look. But the investigation of Mars was not.

Krishna hired a bicycle from a shop and pedalled off in the direction of the coconut grove where the old astrologer lived who had cast the horoscopes. He found the old man sitting in the hall, placidly watching a pack of children climb over walls, windows, furniture, and rice bags stacked in a corner and creating enough din to drown all conversation. He unrolled a mat for Krishna to sit on, and shouted over the noise of the children, "I told you at the start itself how it was going to turn out, but you people would not listen to my words. Yes, Mars has begun to exercise his most malignant aspect now. Under the circumstances, survival of the person concerned is doubtful." Krishna groaned. The children in a body had turned their attention to Krishna's bicycle, and were ringing the bell and feverishly attempting to push the machine off its stand. Nothing seemed to matter now. For a man about to lose his wife, the loss of a cycle taken on hire should not matter. Let children demolish all the bicycles in the town and Krishna would not care. Everything could be replaced except a human life.

"What shall I *do*?" he asked, picturing his wife in her bed asleep and never waking. He clung to this old man desperately, for he felt, in his fevered state of mind, that the astrologer could intercede with, influence, or even apologize on his behalf to, a planet in the high heavens. He remembered the reddish Mars he used to be shown in the sky when he was a Boy Scout—reddish on account of the malignity erupting like lava from its bosom. "What would you advise me to do? Please help me!" The old man looked over the rim of his spectacles at Krishna menacingly. His eyes were also red. Everything is red, reflected Krishna. He partakes of the tint of Mars. I don't know whether this man is my friend or foe. My doctor also has red eyes. So has the maid servant. . . . Red everywhere.

Krishna said, "I know that the ruling god in Mars is benign. I wish I knew how to propitiate him and gain his compassion."

The old man said, "Wait." He stood before a cupboard, took out a stack of palm-leaf strips with verses etched on them, four lines to a leaf. "This is one of the four originals of the Brihad-Jataka, from which the whole science of astrology is derived. This is what has given me my living; when I speak, I speak with the authority of this leaf." The old man held the palm leaf to the light at the doorway and read out a Sanskrit aphorism: " 'There can be no such thing as evading fate, but you can insulate yourself to some extent from its rigors.' " Then he added, "Listen to this: 'Where Angaraka is malevolent, appease him with the following prayer . . . and accompany it with the gift of rice and gram and a piece of red silk. Pour the oblation of pure butter into a fire raised with sandal sticks, for four days continuously, and feed four Brahmins.'. . . Can you do it?"

Krishna was panic-stricken. How could he organize all this elaborate ritual (which was going to cost a great deal) when every moment and every rupee counted? Who would nurse his wife in his absence? Who would cook the ritual feast for the Brahmins? He simply would not be able to manage it unless his wife helped him. He laughed at the irony of it, and the astrologer said, "Why do you laugh at these things? You think you are completely modern?"

Krishna apologized for his laugh and explained his helpless state. The old man shut the manuscript indignantly, wrapped it in its cover, and put it away, muttering, "These simple steps you can't take to achieve a profound result. Go, go. . . . I can be of no use to you."

Krishna hesitated, took two rupees from his purse, and held them out to the old man, who waved the money away. "Let your wife get well first. Then give me the fee. Not now." And as Krishna turned to go: "The trouble is, your love is killing your wife. If you were an indifferent husband, she could survive. The malignity of Mars might make her suffer now and then, mentally more than physically, but would not kill her. I have seen horoscopes that were the exact replica of yours and the wife lived to a ripe age. You know why? The husband was disloyal or cruel, and that in some way neutralized the rigor of the planet in the Seventh House. I see your wife's time is getting to be really bad. Before anything happens, save her. If you can bring yourself to be unfaithful to her, try that. Every man with a concubine has a wife who lives long. . . ."

A strange philosophy, but it sounded feasible.

A LATE AUBADE

You could be sitting now in a carrel
Turning some liver-spotted page,
Or rising in an elevator-cage
Toward Ladies' Apparel.

You could be planting a raucous bed
Of salvia, in rubber gloves,
Or lunching through a screed of someone's loves
With pitying head,

Or making some unhappy setter
Heel, or listening to a bleak
Lecture on Schoenberg's serial technique.
Isn't this better?

Think of all the time you are not
Wasting, and would not care to waste,
Such things, thank God, not being to your taste.
Think what a lot

Of time, by woman's reckoning,
You've saved, and so may spend on this—
You who had rather lie in bed and kiss
Than anything.

It's almost noon, you say? If so,
Time flies, and I need not rehearse
The rosebuds-theme of centuries of verse.
If you *must* go,

Wait for a while, then slip downstairs
And bring us up some chilled white wine,
And some blue cheese, and crackers, and some fine
Ruddy-skinned pears.

—RICHARD WILBUR

• •

KRISHNA was ignorant of the technique of infidelity, and wished he had the slickness of his old friend Ramu, who, in their younger days, used to brag of his sexual exploits. It would be impossible to seek Ramu's guidance now, although he lived close by; he had become a senior government officer and a man of family, and might not care to lend himself to reminiscences of this kind.

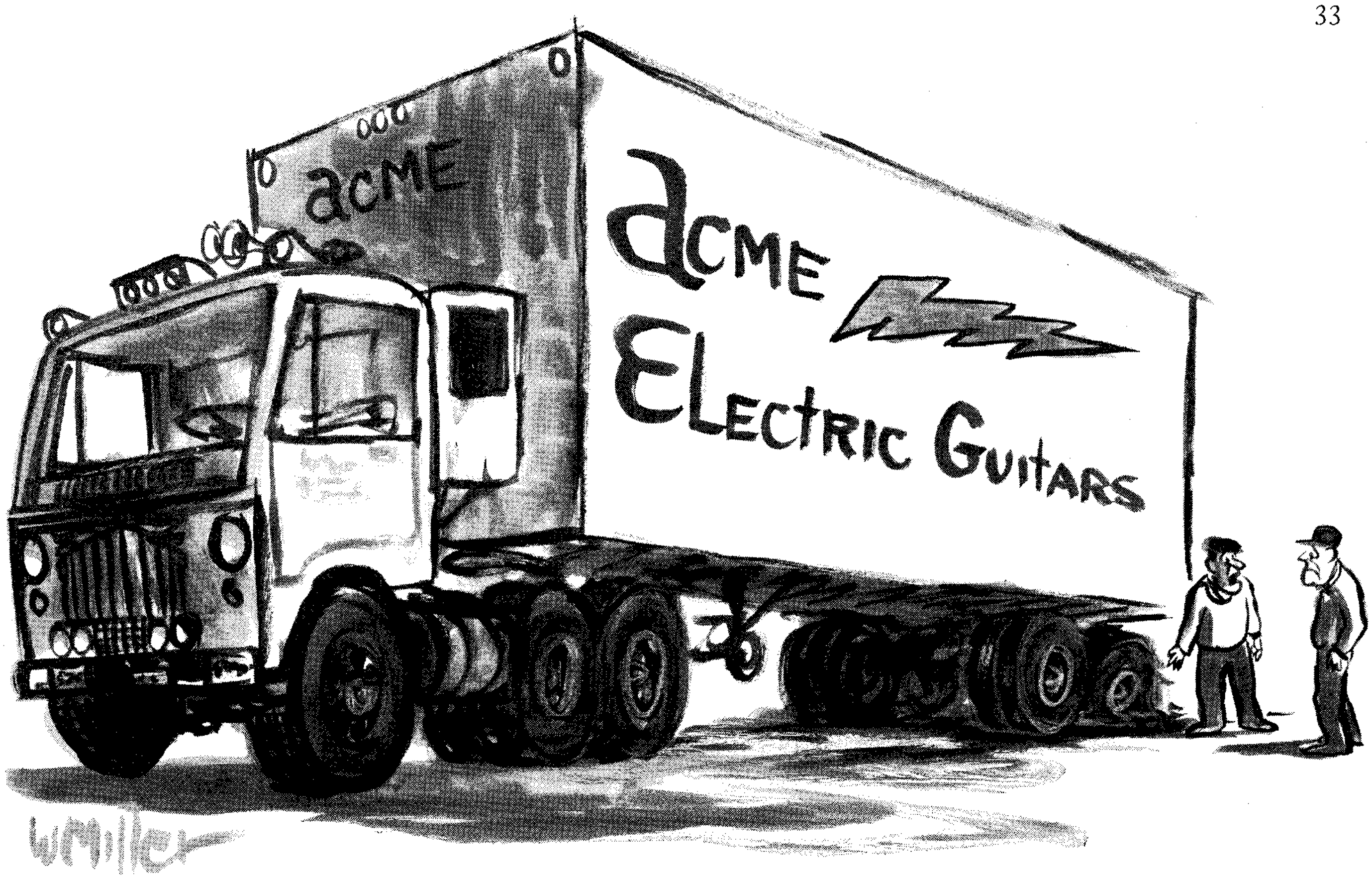
Krishna looked for a pimp representing the prostitutes in Golden Street and could not spot one, although the market gate was reputed to be swarming with them.

He glanced at his watch. Six o'clock. Mars would have to be appeased before midnight. Somehow his mind fixed the line at midnight. He turned homeward, leaned his bicycle on the lamppost, and ran up the steps of his house. At the sight of him the servant maid prepared to leave, but he begged her to stay on. Then he peeped into the sickroom, saw that his wife was asleep, and addressed her mentally, "You are going to get better soon. But it will cost something. Doesn't matter. Anything to save your life."

He washed hurriedly and put on a nylon shirt, a lace-edged dhoti, and a silk upper cloth; lightly applied some talcum and a strange perfume he discovered in his wife's cupboard. He was ready for the evening. He had fifty rupees in his purse, and that should be adequate for the wildest evening one could want. For a moment, as he paused to take a final look at himself in the mirror, he was seized with an immense vision of passion and seduction.

He returned the hired cycle to the shop, and at seven was walking up Golden Street. In his imagination he had expected glittering females to beckon him from their balconies. The old houses had *pyols*, pillars, and railings, and were painted in garish colors, as the houses of prostitutes were reputed to be in former times, but the signboards on the houses indicated that the occupants were lawyers, tradesmen, and teachers. The only relic of the old days was a little shop in an obscure corner that sold perfumes in colored bottles and strings of jasmine flowers and roses.

Krishna passed up and down the street, staring hard at a few women here and there, but they were probably ordinary, indifferent housewives. No one returned his stare. No one seemed



"Gosh, Louie, we better fix this very fast, lest hundreds of budding troubadours are delayed in expressing the anguish and joys that abide in that precious, fleeting springtime of life which is youth."

• •

to notice his silk upper cloth and lace dhoti. He paused to consider whether he could rush into a house, seize someone, perform the necessary act, shed his fifty rupees, and rush out. Perhaps he might get beaten in the process. How on earth was one to find out which woman, among all those he had noticed on the terraces and verandas of the houses, would respond to his appeal?

After walking up and down for two hours, he realized that the thing was impossible. He sighed for the freedom between the sexes he read about, in the European countries, where you had only to look about and announce your intentions and you could get enough women to confound the most malignant planet in the universe.

He suddenly remembered that the temple dancer lived somewhere here. He knew a lot of stories about Rangi of the temple, who danced before the God's image during the day and took lovers at night. He stopped for a banana and a fruit drink at a shop, and asked the little boy serving him, "Which is the house of the temple dancer Rangi?" The boy was too small to understand the purport of his inquiry, and merely replied, "I don't know." Krishna felt abashed and left.

Under a street lamp stood a jutka, the horse idly swishing its tail, and the old driver waiting for a fare. Krishna asked, "Are you free?"

The driver sprang to attention. "Where do you wish to be taken, sir?"

Krishna said timidly, "I wonder if you know where the temple dancer Rangi lives?"

"Why do you want her?" the driver asked, looking him up and down.

Krishna mumbled some reply about his wanting to see her dance. "At this hour!" the driver exclaimed. "With so much silk and so much perfume on! Don't try to deceive me. When you come out of her house, she will have stripped you of all the silk and perfume. But tell me, first, why only Rangi? There are others, both experts and beginners. I will drive you wherever you like. I have carried hundreds like you on such an errand. But shouldn't I first take you to a milk shop where they will give you hot milk with crushed almond to give you stamina? Just as a routine, my boy. . . . I will take you wherever you want to go. Not my business anyway. Someone has given you more money than you need? Or is your wife pregnant, and away at her mother's house? I have seen all the tricks that husbands play on their wives. I know the world, my master. Now get in. What difference does it make what you will look like when you come out of there? I will take you wherever you like."

Krishna obediently got into the carriage, filling its interior with perfume and the rustle of his silken robes. Then he said, "All right. Take me home."

He gave his address so mournfully that the jutka driver, urging his horse, said, "Don't be depressed, my young master. You are not missing anything. Someday you will think of this old fellow again."

"I have my reasons," Krishna began, gloomily.

The horse driver said, "I have heard it all before. Don't tell me," and he began a homily on conjugal life.

Krishna gave up all attempts to explain and leaned back, resigning himself to his fate. —R. K. NARAYAN

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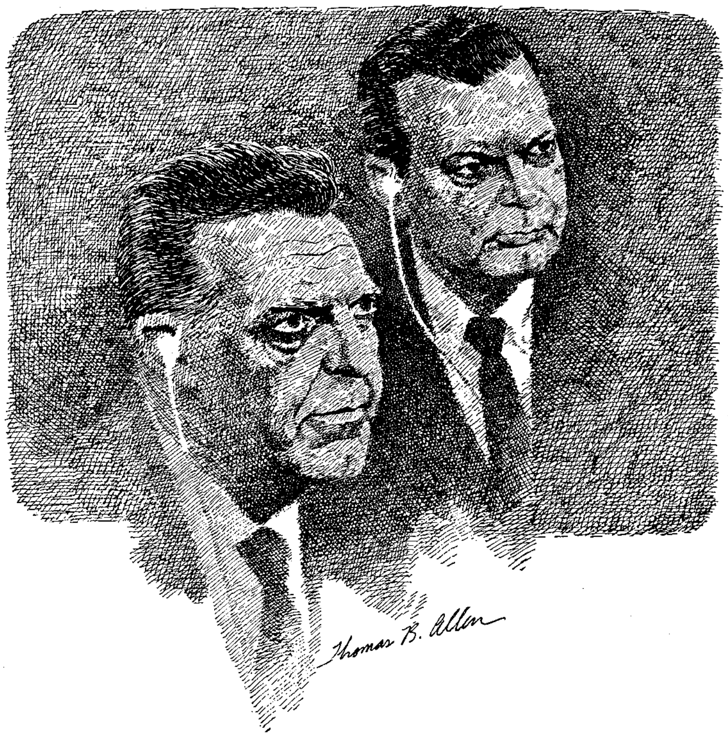
"It is obvious," Ribicoff writes, "that a thorough investigation in depth would swiftly bring about corruptive measures which would save many millions of dollars in federal funds."—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Just remember—it must be thorough, and it must be in depth.

PROFILES

AN ACCIDENT OF CASTING



Huntley and Brinkley

STRAINING for words adequate to describe the stature of giants, the trade magazine *Editor & Publisher* once declared that Chet Huntley and David Brinkley were the biggest team in broadcasting history since Amos 'n' Andy. The comparison was more pertinent than Huntley and Brinkley would perhaps care to concede. For they long ago ceased to be mere newsmen and became personalities, taking their place in American popular culture beside such immortal duos as Blanchard and Davis, Abbott and Costello, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and Fibber McGee and Molly. Their sheer famousness, impressive enough by show-business standards, is downright unreal by the standards of journalism, electronic or otherwise. According to surveys by Home Testing Institute/TvQ, Inc., Huntley and Brinkley are recognizable to more adult Americans than are such superstars as Cary Grant, James Stewart, the Beatles, and even John Wayne. If either of them ventures outdoors almost anywhere in North America, he is likely to be surrounded by fans, one of whom will quip "Good night, Chet" or "Good night, David"—lines that are always socko with the onlookers.

The stars are not gratified by this aspect of their celebrity, since it makes covering a story out in the field difficult for them. It was during the 1960 Democratic Presidential primary in West Virginia that Brinkley discovered his fame had begun to interfere with his work. Then he had to give up trying to cover Hubert Humphrey after it became apparent that West Virginians would rather meet a TV star than a Presidential candidate. Friends recall that Brinkley returned to Washington irritated, dejected, and a little embarrassed. Since then, he and Huntley have both sounded off periodically about the evils of show-business ballyhoo in journalism. If anyone mentions these outbursts to the first producer of "The Huntley-Brinkley Report," a cynic named Reuven Frank, who is now president of N.B.C. News, Frank shrugs and says, "They take the money." Precisely how much they take is not ascertainable by an outsider, but the figure is handsome enough that when N.B.C. executives discuss it they will give or take a hundred thousand dollars or so. An N.B.C. vice-president who was asked recently about a newspaper report that Huntley and Brinkley were each paid four hundred thousand dollars a year stared thoughtfully into space and then replied, "Four? Oh, I don't know. It's probably more like three." Four or three, it must be a record for journalists, though it isn't exorbitant at all for the stars of a show whose gross annual income—around twenty-nine million dollars—is said by some network people to be larger than that of any other N.B.C. program except "Saturday Night at the Movies."

It is one thing to achieve success in television and another to maintain it. Huntley and Brinkley have maintained theirs as have no other television journalists and few other television performers of any sort. It seems strange to think so, but this year's college freshmen can only dimly remember a time when there wasn't a "Huntley-Brinkley Report" on the air. Now in their twelfth year together, Huntley and Brinkley have a survival record that puts them in a class with such stars as Ed Sullivan, James Arness, Johnny Carson, and Lassie. Huntley and Brinkley have done more than become rich and famous, however. In a period when television began to rival the newspapers as a news medium, they and the staff behind them were contributing to the development of the nightly television news program as a form. When Huntley and Brinkley became a team, in 1956, pioneers such as Fred Friendly and the late Edward R. Murrow, then both with C.B.S., had brought the television documentary to a high level of development, but the nightly television news program was still in its infancy. The show that Huntley and Brinkley replaced, for instance—the "Camel News Caravan," featuring John Cameron Swayze and his carnation—was little more than a newsreel. With innocent pride in scooping the movie theatres by a few days, the "Caravan" offered silent-film reports on beauty contests, horse races, and fashion shows, as well as the day's catastrophes and political headlines. "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" and its competition at C.B.S., interacting with each other over the years, have evolved a nightly format that, for all its shortcomings, is much sounder journalistically and far more advanced technically. And Brinkley, meanwhile, has altered to a considerable extent the tone of American news broadcasting. Until he rose to stardom, the dominant style was a grave one, formed in the crisis years before and during the Second World War and best exemplified by Murrow's work. Brinkley brought to the industry an understated wit, an irreverence that seemed to be based on a coherent viewpoint rather than on a pose (such as the professional-brat stance now popular in print), and, perhaps most important, an ability to write a simple declarative English sentence. Today, intentionally or not, television announcers throughout the land imitate his delivery, and even Walter

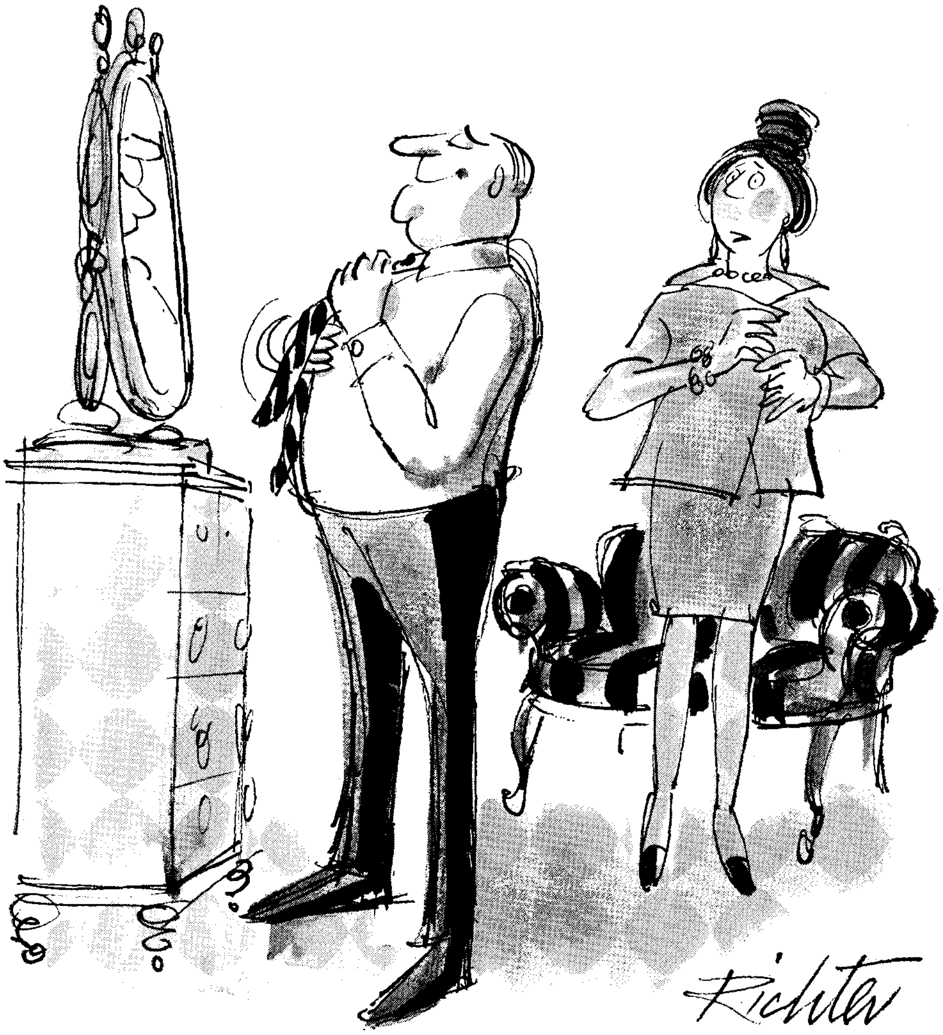
Cronkite, of C.B.S., has admitted that he avoids watching "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" for fear of slipping into unconscious mimicry of the Brinkley cadence.

THE quality that is mentioned without fail when Huntley's friends try to describe him is niceness. A typical comment goes, "Chet is warm, he's friendly, he's unaffected, he's—well, he's just so damned *nice*." What these friends are talking about can be seen by anyone who spends even a short time around Huntley. He has a way of putting people at ease and making friends instantly. He is cheerful and gregarious, and he can take a joke at his own expense. He never seems to be merely polite but always to be genuinely interested in what other people have to say. After five minutes of his company, women decide that he is kind and reliable, and men want to put an arm over his shoulder and buy him a drink. The power of Huntley's niceness was demonstrated one evening last year at a party, when he was introduced to a man who had never before seen him in person but had conceived a terrible hatred of him. The man was a television announcer, and the party at which he met Huntley took place during the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists strike against the three television networks—a strike that Huntley failed to support, thus enraging many AFTRA members, and especially the announcer. When Huntley walked away after chatting with him for a few minutes, the announcer turned to the man next to him and said grudgingly, "Well, damn it, you're right. He really *is* a nice guy—the dirty son of a bitch."

On camera, Huntley is sombre, distant, and, in Brinkley's words, "relentlessly serious." People who know him well say that his serious manner is no act, that he really worries about all the horrible news he has to spring on the American public night after night. Somehow, though, women viewers are able to see right past this almost chilly public image and detect Huntley's essential niceness. Many a man has had the experience of watching Huntley deliver a news item in his sternest manner and then hearing his wife or mother or grandmother say, with a smile, "That *sweet* Chet!" Women apparently receive a signal from the home screen that men don't, and quite a few of them are moved by it to write in and tell Chet what an absolute honey he is. Some of them write so often that Huntley's secretary can spot their work without reading it or even opening the envelopes, which she labels by author—"Inez," "Hazel," "Myra," or "Dorothy," to name a few of the regulars. "Hi, Sweetie," the breezy Myra began one of her notes not long ago. "I suppose I'll celebrate my 60th birthday before you seem able to shift into an easy chair, & give me a boost, & a rest & a little money, for breakage. I am not in too good a shape, for the long wear and tear of the last 9 yrs. . . . Honey—Remember—When I phone, set that Damn Date, so I can relax. I am worn out, with you going & me watching H-B (& now taped). Send $100 by wire, & I prefer the Pa RR station. I can get there, & feel better. The ride is pleasant, & I get upset on the bus. . . . We put up a pretty rose trellis yesterday. Fan shaped & the buds are just ready to burst, thorny as the dickens . . ."

A recent letter from Inez was filled with family and neighborhood news. "Don't be surprised if you hear of this house burning," Inez warned. "Kids have been lighting fires in the basement again. Mrs. Jackson will deny it—she pays no attention to it. Alene and Dale know it is true. They play with fire around outside too. It has been awfully dry (had a shower last evening). The kids stay up and play at night—unless Alene is here. Mrs. Jackson can't do anything with them—and they're getting past Alene. She took the kids to Jackson today. Alene was very drunk last nite—but got dinner. I expect to go to the dentist in the morning. At least one tooth will be pulled I'm sure. . . . Mrs. Jackson fussing about bills as usual—grocery bill $150 she said. These kids eat more than I do. Her Veteran check for them is still $100.00—33⅓ each. Her dependent children Social Security check for three is $62.50. Dale gives her $100.00. She gets about $62.00 or so for Social Security and a small R.R. pension check. I imagine $20.00 or so. Dale calls her moneybags. He thinks she gets plenty, handles it poorly. . . ."

After "nice," the word that Huntley's friends apply to him most often is "naïve." This sounds like criticism at first, naïveté being one of the least desirable qualities in a journalist, but the friends don't mean it that way. They



"I remember when you used to look at me in that way."

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think of Huntley as authoritative in his work but fear that he is unduly tenderhearted and free of skepticism in his private life. "He's a terribly regular fellow," his wife says of him. "The word 'naïve' keeps coming to mind, though that's probably not really what I mean. He's very trusting. He assumes that people are honest, and if they disappoint him he's just overcome. With him, you're right until proved guilty." Irving Wall, a lawyer and a close friend of Huntley's, once described him as "one of the most unsophisticated people I've ever known," but it was clear that this was simply part of Wall's affectionate notion of Huntley as "a log-cabinish man" of "plainsman strength." Another acquaintance of Huntley's said of him recently, "I don't know how to put my finger on it, but there is something naïve about Chet. He lets people take advantage of him. It's as though he never quite made the move from Los Angeles—or from his home town in Montana—to New York. He gets excited about things that other people are already tired of, and he has some odd opinions. Like, his idea of the greatest writer in the world is James Michener."

"I find Huntley extremely difficult to understand," Robert Northshield, the executive producer of "The Huntley-Brinkley Report," has said. "You know, a great part of the time he looks like a twelve-year-old—kind of wide-eyed and sentimental, and trying to be tough. And other times he's a very worldly-wise fellow. He's extremely impulsive and gets carried away with his own expectations and hopes. You remember during the AFTRA strike he had this great idea to get out of AFTRA and form his own union, just for real news people. Well, I don't think anybody ever worked harder than he did on that. For a couple of days. And then I don't know what ever happened to it. For all I know, he worked very hard on it for a couple of months, but it kind of whimpered out and died."

When Brinkley was asked a few months ago what he thought of these evaluations of his partner, he said, " 'Naïve' may not quite be the word. I think it's a sort of cattle-country, farmerish, not lack of sophistication but just refusal to accept what passes for sophistication in this part of the country." Brinkley felt stubbornness to be a more important aspect of Huntley's personality than the alleged naïveté. "Huntley is given to taking positions that he believes in and that are perhaps unpopular, and refusing to budge, come hell or high water, and I kind of admire that," Brinkley said. "A terribly minor example of this is that he insists on pronouncing the capital of Hungary 'Buda-*pesht*.' Which is correct in a sense, but actually not. The word has long since been Anglicized. As 'Rome' has. We don't call it 'Roma.' We don't call the capital of France 'Paree.' So 'Budapest' is a thoroughly accepted pronunciation, but Huntley refuses to say it! Just absolutely refuses! And everybody has said, 'Chet, now come on! It's "Budapest"!' And William R. McAndrew [the late president of N.B.C. News]—I think McAndrew *ordered* him to say 'Budapest.' And he just refused!" The memory of this willfulness delighted Brinkley. He chuckled quietly, and his mouth twisted into the little smile that he can never suppress on camera when he does stories about Senator Everett Dirksen.

"What does Chet say when people argue with him about this?" Brinkley was asked.

"Well, I think what he says is that his way is correct and the hell with you," Brinkley said, his chuckle swelling into joyous laughter.

It's doubtful whether being thought of as a farmerish, unsophisticated, cattle-country man would leave any other resident of New York as equable as it leaves Huntley. He is a Westerner who is proud of it and who looks the part. Now fifty-six years old, he is still ruggedly handsome. He stands six feet two inches tall and weighs just under two hundred pounds. His face is tanned and creased, like that of a man who is accustomed to being outdoors and squinting into the sun, as Huntley is. There is probably nothing else that interests him quite as much as farming—as a hobby, as a business, and as a national political problem. His face brightens noticeably if the subject comes up in conversation. "To see growing things is probably the most satisfying piece of business in the world," Huntley has said. "It doesn't matter whether it's a rosebush or a purebred bull. It's so different from writing or broadcasting. A field of alfalfa is tangible." Huntley's work at N.B.C. keeps him indoors and in the East much of the time, far from fields of alfalfa and other tangibles, but he does what he can to compensate. His office—a little one on the fifth floor of the R.C.A. Building, in Rockefeller Center—is decorated in the least Eastern fashion possible, with such rustic touches as an old rolltop desk, an 1870-model Winchester, and a brass spittoon. For six years, he owned a three-hundred-acre cattle ranch at Stockton, New Jersey, to which he could retreat each weekend, but he sold the place last August after suffering a ninety-thousand-dollar loss on its operation. He had a sizable interest in a cattle-feeding lot in Iowa and in a cattle ranch in Montana until recently. These gave him more financial than spiritual pleasure, however, since he seldom saw them, and not long ago he sold his interest in the ranch and most of his interest in the lot.

Huntley was born in Cardwell, Montana. He spent the first thirteen years of his life on a nine-hundred-and-sixty-acre cattle and sheep ranch at Saco, Montana, that was operated, with little success, by his grandfather, his great-uncle, and his father, Percy

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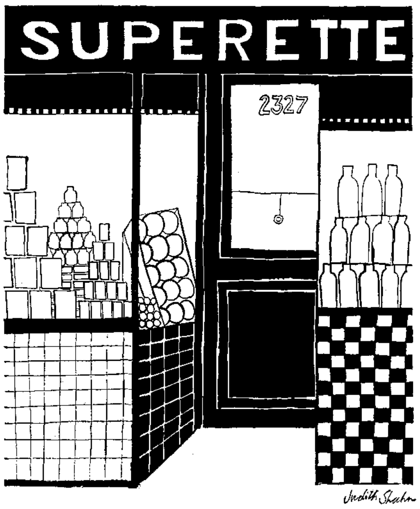
Huntley, who was a railroad telegrapher as well as a rancher. Huntley attended Montana State College (now University), in Bozeman; the Cornish School of Arts, in Seattle; and then the University of Washington, in Seattle, from which he graduated in 1934. His first goal was a medical career of some sort, but the family's financial troubles during those Depression years made the required schooling impossible. The idea of doing something in radio suggested itself when he discovered, as a college orator, the intense pleasure of speaking in public while others listen with approval. He got hooked for good on communicating during his last year of college, when he worked at a little hundred-watt radio station in Seattle—KPCB (now the fifty-thousand-watt KIRO). "I did everything from sweeping out the joint to spinning records, writing advertising copy, dreaming up new programs, and running the transmitter when the engineer was out for coffee," Huntley recalled recently. He gave up record-spinning long ago, but he has been in radio and television ever since that first job, and this early start makes him one of the senior men among the big network names in broadcast journalism today. He is also one of the very few men of any seniority in the business who have no newspaper experience to speak of. (Murrow was another.) From KPCB, Huntley went on to radio stations in Spokane and Portland, and then, in 1937, to the N.B.C. affiliate in Los Angeles. There, to supplement his salary, which was fairly tiny, he took a second job, at fifteen dollars a week, as announcer for the nightly dance-band broadcasts from Earl Carroll's restaurant. Huntley wasn't proud of having to moonlight, but he liked music and he enjoyed listening to the grandiose schemes of the band's young piano player, Stan Kenton. Huntley joined the C.B.S. affiliate in Los Angeles in 1939, at a time when Murrow was building the European reporting staff that was to help make C.B.S. preëminent in news until well into the fifties. During the forties, Huntley got into the Pacific Theatre on two or three brief assignments, and he went to Europe in 1949 for several weeks, but he spent most of his time in Los Angeles, where he covered such continuing stories as the industrial development of California and the relocation of Japanese Americans. At C.B.S. in the late forties, and at the A.B.C. Los Angeles affiliate from 1951 to 1955, Huntley made a name for himself as a commentator on the news as well as a broadcaster of it, and as a liberal. The late forties and early fifties, of course, were bad times for liberals in radio and television; anti-Communist vigilante groups became powerful in the broadcasting industry on both coasts even before the rise of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Huntley, who said nice things about the United Nations and criticized McCarthy, did not escape the notice of the vigilantes. But he survived, and in 1954 he had the satisfaction of winning a slander suit against a woman vigilante who had harassed him. Unlike such radio commentators as Raymond Gram Swing, whose career was badly damaged, Huntley came out of that era in good shape professionally. When N.B.C. hired him in 1955 and brought him East, he was known as a fearless liberal, and he began to be described by some people as N.B.C.'s answer to Murrow.

In the years since then, Huntley apparently has been both more and less than the answer to Murrow. He has been a bigger success commercially than he or N.B.C. could have dreamed in 1955, but although he is held in great esteem throughout the industry and has won every available award for television commentators, his peers do not seem ready to rank him with Murrow or with other past greats, such as Elmer Davis. There is a wide range of opinion about his journalistic abilities. At one extreme, there is the unidentified N.B.C. employee who was quoted in the *World Journal Tribune*, during the AFTRA strike, as saying, "Many of the guys think Huntley's position is ridiculous. He talks about newsmen. He's not a newsman. He's a reader. I've never seen him on the street." This view is unfair. While it is true that the mechanics of the nightly television show are such that Huntley does not write all or even most of what he says on the air, he can point to a number of television specials for which he has done most of the reporting and writing, and to his radio commentaries, all of which he writes. At the other extreme are the people in the business who say that the issue, as it was stated in the *World Journal Tribune*, is irrelevant. "Huntley is in television, not the newspaper business," one of these people has said. "He is simply a competent journalist. He doesn't pretend to be a pundit or an investigative reporter. He's intelligent, he does his homework, he has a magnificent voice, he can communicate in the medium as few others can—he's totally professional." Somewhere between these extremes, there is the opinion of Sam Zelman, a C.B.S. News executive producer who has known Huntley since his days at C.B.S. and A.B.C. in Los Angeles. "Chet lifted himself by his bootstraps," Zelman said several months ago. "He was a country boy, utterly without sophistication, when he came to Los Angeles. He read the New York *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Economist*, and he sort of rewrote them. It's less than fair to say he rewrote them, but basically that was it. He did a synopsis of what he had read. This sounds like a put-down in one way, but it's also another way of saying he was more conscientious—more serious—than most of the others in the business then. Most guys were just tearing wire copy. Chet was studious. Still, I wouldn't say he has a news background. He's covered things, but the discipline is different on a newspaper. You don't even have to be able to spell on radio and television. I guess you *can* get a news background in broadcast journalism, but, believe me, that's the hard way."

Huntley has made quite a bit of money at N.B.C., and he is thought to have held on to a large part of it. He is not known as a big spender. He still has about fifteen thousand dollars invested in the Iowa cattle-feeding lot. He also has an interest in three radio stations on Long Island—WRIV, in Riverhead, and WALK and WALK-FM, in Patchogue—which he estimates is worth a quarter of a million dollars. At one time, he had almost half a million in his unsuccessful ranching venture in New Jersey. One of his most valuable investments is the three-story house he owns, in Manhattan, on Sixty-ninth Street between First and Second Avenues. The house is occupied only by Huntley and his wife, Tippy. (Huntley and his first wife, Ingrid Rolin, were divorced in 1959. They had two daughters—Sharon, twenty-seven, now Mrs. Dan Arensmeier, who lives in Rochester, New York, and Leanne, twenty-four, now Mrs. Eskandar Khajavi, who lives in San Francisco. In 1959, Huntley married Tipton Stringer, who was then the weather girl at WRC-TV, the N.B.C. station in Washington, D.C.) Now that Huntley has given up his New Jersey ranch, he spends a good deal of time in his house, cooking, reading, sorting out his thoughts about the state of the world, and dodging phone calls. "At home, Chet will not dial the phone, and if it rings he won't answer it," his wife says. "He's learned to hate it. Interruptions drive him crazy." This is not to say that Huntley is antisocial. He doesn't frequent night clubs and restaurants, but he enjoys an evening of conversation or bridge with such friends as Irving Wall, his lawyer; S. Hazard Gillespie, another lawyer; and Dr. Kenneth Riland, Governor Rockefeller's physician. These friends report that Huntley is a delightful host, that he prepares a terrific bowl of chili, and that his supply of niceness is inexhaustible. "He can sit through an evening of perfectly miserable cards and be as cheerful as can be," Gillespie says.

EXCEPT on special assignments, such as national political conventions, during which they share equally in the reporting and ad-libbing, Huntley and Brinkley have very dissimilar jobs. Brinkley's gives him a chance to write and report, but Huntley's seldom does, for a number of reasons. Huntley's beat, in a sense, is the whole world minus Washington. The best stories on his portion of the program tend to be photographable—wars, natural disasters, riots, and the like—and so are covered by camera crews and correspondents, whose reports need little from Huntley beyond a few words of introduction. As for the non-visual stories—the ones that Huntley simply reads on the air, with perhaps a map or a drawing in the background—these are based, for the most part, on wire-service reports, which must be verified, condensed, and rewritten to meet the program's style and time requirements. The contribution that Huntley can make here is also limited, because the stories are so diverse in subject matter and origin that he—or anyone else not at the scene of the event—is unlikely to know much more about them than what appears on the wires; besides, there are too many of them each day for one man to handle. Occasionally, there will be an item of particular interest to Huntley, perhaps concerning foreign affairs or race relations, and then he can express himself by writing what amounts to a little editorial. Once in a while, he will take a few days off to go out and cover something.



In Washington and the federal government, Brinkley has a beat that, though it is complex, is certainly tidier than Huntley's, since it is not scattered all over the world. The most important stories in Washington are likely to be abstract rather than photographable, and therefore to lend themselves to treatment by Brinkley instead of by a camera crew. Brinkley doesn't get out of the office to cover stories much more often than Huntley does, but, unlike Huntley, he is in a position to know or find out more about a story than what appears in the wire reports. Since he has close friends at all levels of government, from the Cabinet down, it is not unusual for him to find himself writing about someone he has dined with or played poker with the previous evening. And whether or not he is well acquainted with the principals in a story, he can call them or visit them. Consequently, Brinkley is able to put his stamp on most of the material he handles, and to write every word he says on the air.

There are people in the business—mostly at N.B.C., of course—who say that Brinkley's writing is the best ever done in television journalism. This isn't a wild claim, considering the quality of much of the competition. "The most elusive thing in our medium," Huntley's friend Zelman has said, "is the simple declarative sentence." Brinkley can write such a sentence. William Monroe, director of news for N.B.C.'s Washington bureau, says of Brinkley's work, "He writes prose of tremendous clarity, prose that is meant for the ear. There is no parallel to him as a writer in this medium." Another Brinkley admirer is Robert Doyle, who was formerly an N.B.C. producer and director and is now chief of the television division of the National Geographic Society. "David has done a lot to change television coverage, with his ability to give the facts of a story so simply and coherently," Doyle says. "He can convert a mass of information into a simple account without talking down. He and television are perfectly matched." Brinkley achieves this simplicity and economy by using plain, almost homely English instead of the bureaucratic prose that reporters sometimes slip into in Washington, and by maintaining an extreme skepticism about the importance of each story he deals with. After covering Washington for twenty-five years, he seems convinced that there hasn't been a really new idea in town since the thirties. "David has a kind of ruthless attitude toward what is news and what is not," says John Chancellor, a contributing editor on the Huntley-Brinkley show. "I think we've been refreshingly free of a lot of Washington-insider stuff as a result. Boy, I come in here in the afternoon saying, 'This is absolutely the most important thing in the world,' and it's not, of course, and the next day you know it. But David isn't excitable like that." Much of the daily flow of news leaves Brinkley not only unexcited but bored. "I think the press—meaning all of us—devotes too much time and space to so-called official news," Brinkley said recently. "I'm not trying to pass myself off as any kind of example to be followed, but I hear a lot of younger guys, on radio and television, reporting on some bill in Congress because it moved from a subcommittee to a committee. Well, a bill in Congress, before it gets through— Let's see, there's introduction, subcommittee hearing, subcommittee vote, committee hearing, committee vote, vote on the floor. That makes six steps in the House and six in the Senate, plus signature—thirteen steps, each of which can be a piece of news, if you want. And to report every damn one of them is just boring and silly. But you see it in the papers every day, you hear it on the air a lot, because it's easy to get. It's police-court, blotter-type news, about which nobody really cares."

"... *and then the fuzz moved in with paddy wagons and we all went limp.*"

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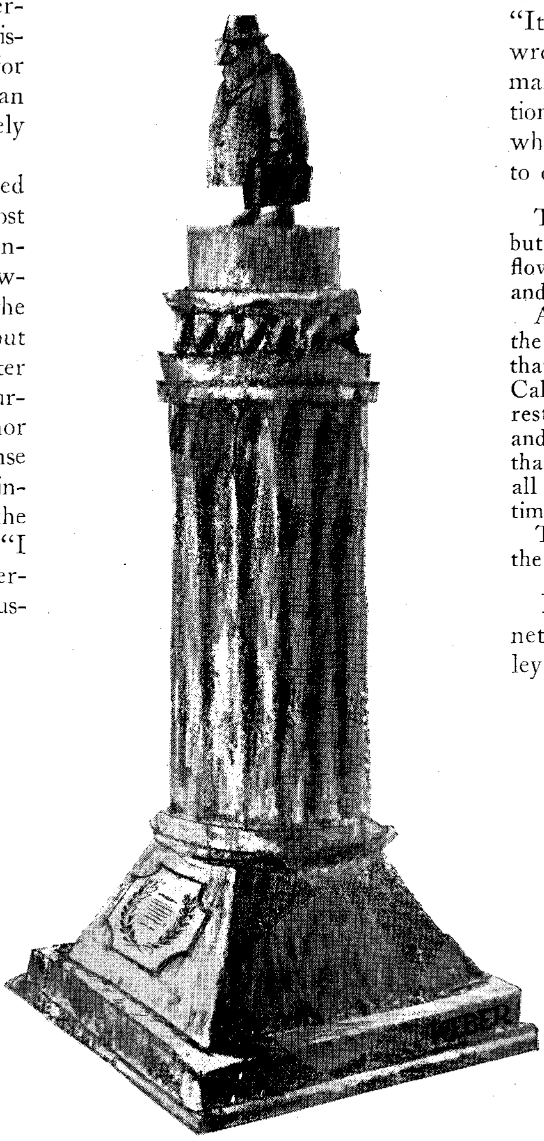
The public knows Brinkley best not for his stern news judgment or his ability to write simple declarative sentences but for his wryness. Even people who can't remember whether his name is Huntley or Brinkley know when they see him on the screen that he's the funny one down in Washington. One form in which this wryness appears is the one-line gag. To take a famous instance, during the argument over whether or not the name of Boulder Dam should be changed to Hoover Dam, Brinkley suggested on the air that it would simplify everything if Hoover would change *his* name to Herbert Boulder. The real substance of Brinkley's wit, however, lies not in memorable gag lines but in his delivery and in the cumulative effect of a steady, daily stream of dry remarks. The laughs sometimes come at unlikely moments, as one did in a story that Brinkley wrote and delivered last August: "The most unseemly burlesque of a funeral anyone ever saw occurred today in Culpeper, Virginia, about seventy miles from Washington. The Army gave permission for George Lincoln Rockwell, the murdered Nazi, to be buried in a national cemetery in Culpeper, because under the law he was entitled to it. But the Army said no Nazi emblems, swastikas, or ceremonies would be allowed inside the cemetery, and that the funeral must be conducted with reasonable dignity. At the appointed hour—11 A.M.—a hearse arrived with Rockwell's body, and along with it a band of followers wearing Nazi-type uniforms and swastikas. They were told unless they took off the swastikas they couldn't come in. They refused. Then, here's how it went. [The film rolled, showing Rockwell's followers scuffling with the soldiers.] Four hours later, the Army refused to give in . . . the Nazis refused to take off their swastikas . . . the Army cancelled their permission to bury Rockwell . . . the cemetery closed for the day . . . the crowd was dispersed . . . and the Army left a guard on the cemetery to keep them from trying to sneak the body in at night. [The film showed a hearse pulling away, with the defiant Nazis.] The hearse left, and the Nazis with it. So, tonight, as they say, the funeral arrangements are not yet complete." The last line—one frequently used in routine newspaper obituaries—combined elements of surprise, apt quotation, and ironic understatement, and conveyed Brinkley's distaste for Rockwell, for Nazis, and for the stir at the cemetery. And, in an almost horrible way, it was extremely funny on the air.

Some of Brinkley's most spirited writing is never seen or heard by most of the public, since it goes into his answers to letters from disgruntled viewers. Brinkley tries not to fret over the mail, in order to conserve his time, but occasionally an especially critical letter will irritate him beyond silent endurance. When that happens, the author receives a harsh rebuke. "In response to your note, no, I was not much interested in the piece you wrote in the UAW paper," one such reply said. "I found it thin, shallow, and in general too sophomoric to be taken seriously. . . ." Another began, "My advice to you is to calm down. And if you wish to offer lectures to those reporting the news, you ought to listen more carefully to what they say. . . . Nowhere did I say or suggest this included all members of the Senate, Republican or otherwise, and therefore your various excited accusations are based on false premises and so are false themselves." A man in the District of Columbia who informed Brinkley that he had "forfeited" his credentials as a newsman by editorializing on the air received this reply, which sums up much of what Brinkley feels about viewers' criticisms:

> DEAR DR. P——:
>
> Thank you for your note. But I believe you have let your emotions run out of control. I caution you against this unwise and possibly dangerous surrender and urge on you the virtues of cool and dispassionate analysis.
>
> You say you heard "editorialization and speculation." Had the statements you heard been oriented toward your own personal point of view, I daresay you would not have found them to be editorial or speculative at all, but rather would have found them to be fair and responsible renderings of the facts. In about thirty years of reading mail from readers and listeners, I have learned that a "biased opinion" simply is anything the writer does not like to hear.
>
> The truth is that there were no opinions expressed at all, biased or otherwise. We merely tried to assess, without any value judgments by us, the political aspects of the war and the race problem in this country. I think you will agree this is a fair subject for analysis at this time.
>
> It is understandable that you might have found some of what we said not to your liking, but I must say I was distressed to find that toward the bottom of the page, warmed by your anger, you have lapsed into arrant academic snobbery, inquiring into my credentials to perform as a "pundit," and saying if you want opinions you will seek them from an "expert." Just what discipline produces expertise in President Johnson's current political troubles? To suggest, as you do, that only political scientists are qualified to discuss this is merely silly. But if you really care, I will try to have a transcript of my academic credentials forwarded to you for your private and unhurried perusal. I believe you will find them impressive and perhaps reassuring.
>
> Thank you again for your note, and my best wishes to you.
>
> Sincerely,
> DAVID BRINKLEY



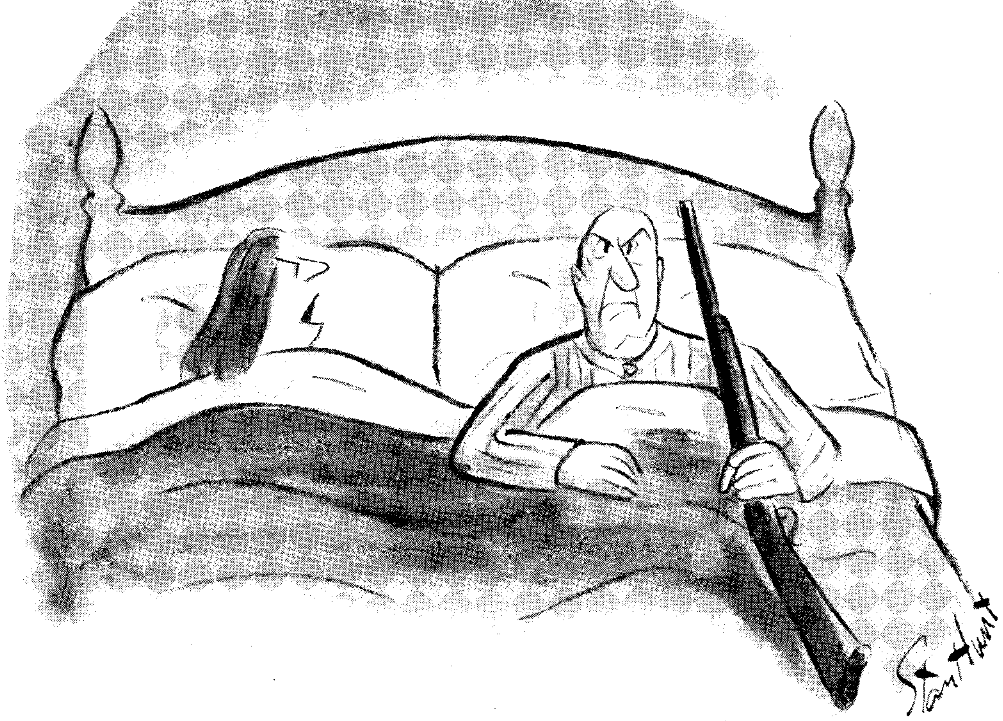
When Senator Dirksen suggested not long ago that the marigold be selected as the national flower, Brinkley objected on the grounds that the marigold wasn't pretty and that it smelled bad. A man named Gaston Ley, of Carmel, California, wrote in to say that, the way things were going these days, the marigold's characteristics made it a good choice. Ley also noted that someone on the program had reported that a man in California had been executed "for the first time in four years." "It would have been interesting," Ley wrote, "to know how far back this man's previous execution (or executions) had taken place, and, maybe, when a subsequent execution was likely to occur." Brinkley replied:

> There is something in what you say, but I still don't like the marigold. A flower ought to be a relief from ugliness and sordidness, not a confirmation of it.
>
> As for California executing a man for the first time in four years, I daresay if that ever does happen, it will happen in California. You are all far ahead of the rest of us in the unreal, the unbelievable and the unacceptable. I think—or fear—that California (not Carmel) is what all of the U.S. will be in time, and some time thereafter, all the world.
>
> Then, and only then, should we adopt the marigold.

Naturally, not everyone at the other networks is ready to declare Brinkley the best writer in the business, or is enthusiastic about the kind of job he does in Washington. When Sig Mickelson was president of C.B.S. News, he criticized Brinkley for "disc-jockey journalism," and Richard Salant, Mickelson's successor, once asked in a speech, "Are we satisfied when the viewer turns off the program at its end only with a recollection of some quip of the news broadcaster?" In fairness both to Brinkley and to the C.B.S. executives, it should be noted that these criticisms were made in the early days of the Huntley-Brinkley success, when the C.B.S. News staff apparently was in a state of perpetual pique over its loss of prestige and the humiliations it was suffering in the ratings war. A more recent criticism of Brinkley came from a respected and knowledgeable man at C.B.S. News who said, "I feel that by injecting so much style over there they very frequently don't tell the story. I think David undoubtedly writes well, and perhaps best of anybody in the business. But I really feel that the news is fairly well distorted many times by David's taking a single angle and getting his little twist on it. I don't think that's good reporting." When a complaint is made about Brinkley in Washington, it is usually that he doesn't work hard enough—by attending press conferences and government briefings, for instance. Brinkley's answer is that he works extremely hard, from ten in the morning, when he may be calling on a senator or an Administration official, until late at night, when he often is attending a party and, in his opinion, working more than he is partying. He thinks that there is more information to be had from his social and professional contacts than at press conferences, which government officials are likely to use as a forum rather than as an occasion for submitting to hard questioning. And, though government officials are amazingly accessible to reporters, Brinkley's contacts must be considered exceptionally good. In recent years, his social circle has included people as diverse as Jack Valenti, Robert Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, John W. Gardner, Robert McNamara, and Eugene McCarthy.

In general, Brinkley's standing in Washington is high. Howard K. Smith, the A.B.C. commentator, has praised his writing, and Roger Mudd, a C.B.S. Washington correspondent, has said, "Brinkley, of all the TV guys here, probably has the best sense of the city—best understands its moods and mentality. He knows Washington and he knows the people." Until James Reston, now executive editor of the *Times*, moved to New York recently, he and Brinkley were considered the top men in the city's press corps as party catches or as celebrities. "If the Prime Minister of Britain came to town and the British Ambassador wanted to pick a dozen people for him to level with, Brinkley and Reston very likely would be included in the group," a White House aide said not long ago. While both are influential men, Brinkley's influence is of a different sort from Reston's, because of the differences between their media. Politicians apparently regard newspaper columnists as purveyors of ideas, who have considerable influence in Washington itself, and television commentators as editors and packagers, who have great national impact because of their ability to convey a mood to the general public. "People in the government would clear almost anyone off their schedule for Brinkley," Russell Baker, the *Times* columnist, remarked recently, "yet they aren't as interested in what Brinkley says as they are in what Lippmann says, for instance." And a Presidential assistant observed several months ago, "A story on television doesn't create the flap in the government that a story in print does. Politicians pay more attention to it when it's in black and white. But I think the nightly news shows may set the tone of the news more than the papers do. The treatment of news on television probably determines whether most people end up the day thinking that everything is all right or thinking that the nation is going to hell."

In Washington, Brinkley and other television commentators are at a competitive disadvantage with newspapers, because they go on the air in the early evening, when many government officials are still in their offices. These people will say that they have the highest regard for Brinkley but that they just can't get home in time to see the show. No such alibi is offered by President Johnson, who has nine television sets in the White House and is said to watch all three network news programs frequently, despite the fact that the Cronkite show and the Huntley-Brinkley show go on the air in Washington at the same hour. Some people feel, in fact, that "watch" is too weak a verb to describe the President's fierce scrutiny of television news coverage, especially of an event such as a Presidential address. Almost before his own image has faded from the screen on these occasions, it is said, the President has dashed into his office, seized his little electronic control box, pressed a button that causes sliding doors to part and reveal three of his television sets, and tuned in all three networks. There he remains, alert for instant replays or for comments on his performance, until the correspondents sign off. Correspondents who have dared to make such comments say that the next day, or as soon as he can get his hands on them, the President gives them critiques of their work that are startling in their frankness. At N.B.C. and around the White House, it's thought that Brinkley has been a little out of favor with the President in recent months, possibly because of Brinkley's



"You know something? You and your right to bear arms are beginning to give me a big fat pain in the neck."

• •

"It's Sonny again, and he's in desperate need of certitude. He says ten dollars would help."

• •

doubts about the war in Vietnam and some pointed remarks he has made about the influence of the military establishment in American life. He is no longer invited, as he once was, to see the President at Camp David on a weekend or at small, informal gatherings in the White House.

While Brinkley's political views may occasionally be unwelcome at the White House, they are frequently misunderstood elsewhere. In the South and the Midwest, judging from his mail, viewers often take him for what he has called "a bloody-shirt Northern Liberal Radical." Among his friends in Washington, where many people are accustomed to neat categories and accept the present-day definitions of "liberal" and "conservative," he is thought to be unclassifiable and unpredictable. In the pages of *TV Guide*, he has been described as slightly right of center. All three estimates are wrong. Brinkley is an old-fashioned, lower-case liberal, skeptical of doctrinaire programs and distrustful of concentrations of power, whether on the right or on the left. His scorn has fallen with equal force on the radical right, the radical left, conservatives, liberals, Democrats, Republicans, big business, big labor, the government, and the military. "I would call myself liberal but not very," he says. "That sounds like an evasion, but I don't like categories. I don't like, for example, the A.D.A. doctrinaire view of everything that comes along. They look at a problem, decide what the liberal position is, seize it, and then relentlessly defend it. I think that's utter God-damned nonsense. I'm much more pragmatic than that. I have some views that liberals would find distasteful and some that conservatives would find distasteful. It isn't that I'm scared or shy to be this or that, but before I would offer any answer on any political problem, I'd want to know what the question was." John Chancellor says that Brinkley is angered by anything he considers unjust, and that he cannot abide fools. Rogues are apparently another matter. On the air, for instance, Brinkley can seldom hide his pleasure in presenting items about Adam Clayton Powell. "I just find people like that amusing," Brinkley explained recently. "There is so much hypocrisy and phony piety in Washington that it is refreshing to find an Adam Clayton Powell, who lives the way he wants to and makes no pretense about it. I love the story about the congressman who visited Powell in his House office and was offered his choice of Scotch, bourbon, or champagne on ice. When his colleague commented on such opulence, Powell told him, 'This is what comes of serving Jesus.' " Huntley perhaps finds less amusement in the news, but his political reactions to it coincide pretty closely with Brinkley's. "I like to think I'm what you would call a classic liberal," Huntley has said. "By liberalism, I mean an open-mindedness, a feeling that ideas are not dangerous and let's consider them all. As for the A.D.A. kind of liberalism, I've always thought the A.D.A. was founded on a false premise—that Roosevelt's New Deal ought to be continued. Two or three years before the A.D.A.'s founding, Roosevelt himself said the New Deal had ended. That period is gone, and we're into something new. So I think the A.D.A. is much too orthodox today. You can anticipate what its policy is going to be on almost any issue."

When Brinkley's fans see him in person for the first time, they often are surprised by his size. Like Huntley, he is well over six feet tall. Next, they are likely to be struck by the fact that the famous Brinkley cadence is not just a professional, on-the-air manner; he really talks that way all the time. Then there is a disappointment: after years of saying funny things on television, Brinkley turns out not to be a comic or the life of the party. People who make this discovery often go away saying that Brinkley is "withdrawn" or is a "strange man," as though he were a hermit or a mystic. He has been described in print so many times as a

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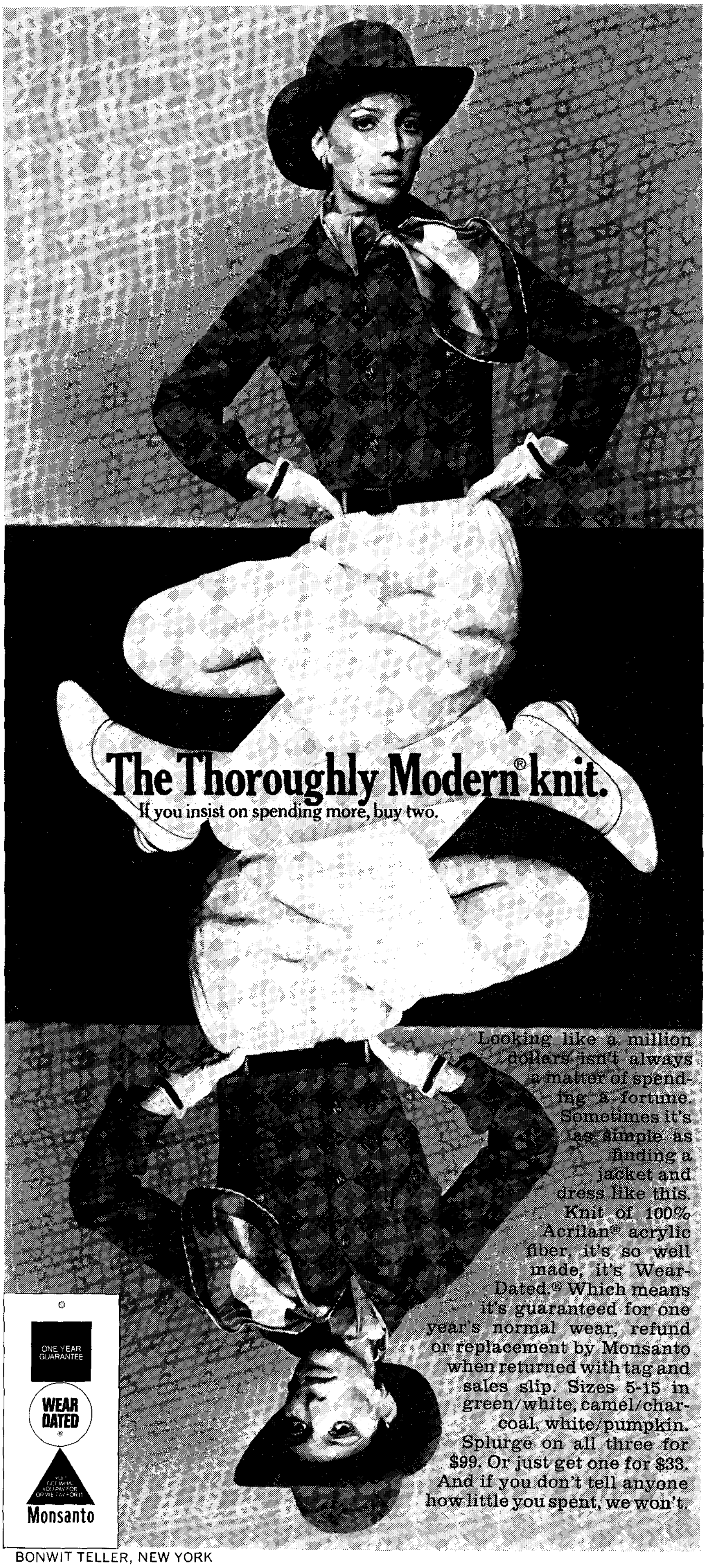
"loner" that even a few of his friends now offer this designation to strangers as a psychological insight. However, Brinkley appears to be simply a quiet, reserved, introspective man who is not fond of small talk but is sociable enough. If he is sometimes aloof in public, it is perhaps because being treated as a celebrity makes him uncomfortable.

In any case, Brinkley probably is much less of a loner now than he was during his childhood, in Wilmington, North Carolina, where he was born in 1920. He remembers himself as a lonely boy. His father—like Huntley's, a railroad man—died when Brinkley was eight years old. He had two brothers and two sisters, but they were all grown and at work while he was still in elementary school, so they afforded him slight companionship. In his solitude, Brinkley acquired what he now calls a "sort of disease"—the book-reading habit. By the time he was ten, habit had become addiction, and he was visiting the public library six or seven times a week. In high school, Brinkley excelled at English, took E. B. White as his literary hero, and began to think of himself vaguely as a writer. That notion led him to take a part-time job at the Wilmington *Star-News*, where he quickly established himself as a reporter and as a composer of simple declarative sentences. Brinkley stayed on at the paper after graduation from high school, in 1938, since the family couldn't afford to send him to college. In 1940, for reasons that he can't remember, he signed up for a year in the Army, and served it as a supply sergeant in an infantry rifle company at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Brinkley spent the next two and a half years with United Press (now United Press International) in Atlanta, Montgomery, Nashville, and Charlotte. He attended college classes in his spare time during this period at the University of North Carolina and at Vanderbilt, but he never received a degree. It was while he was with U.P. that Brinkley found his real vocation. One of his assignments in the Atlanta bureau was writing for the radio wire—taking stories from the regular newspaper wire and rewriting them in what U.P. imagined was a suitable style for radio (the more clichés the better, he was advised). After he had done that for several months, Brinkley decided he had a special talent for writing for the ear, as opposed to writing for the eye. Still, he had no particular desire to work exclusively in radio and none at all to be *on* radio. He did want more money, however, and so, late in 1943, he went to Washington and applied for a job at C.B.S. C.B.S. turned him down, but N.B.C. hired him. For the next several years, Brinkley wrote news scripts for announcers to read on the air, covered Washington as a reporter, and appeared on television, which was then still a gadget. He rose steadily in the bureau, and by 1950 he was doing regular Washington spots on the "Camel News Caravan." Though he was winning admirers among his colleagues and among the younger producers, Brinkley remained relatively obscure right up to the time he was teamed with Huntley for N.B.C.'s television coverage of the 1956 political conventions. "Brinkley was a nobody then," Reuven Frank recalled recently. "He had a better assignment than some, in that he was doing the inserts on the Swayze program, but, other than that, he was no different from a dozen other guys working out of the Washington office. And he could hardly get on radio. Television was not quite established then. The big show was the radio show—Morgan Beatty's. And they didn't like Brinkley much—he was a smart-aleck."

Brinkley seems almost embarrassed by the amount of money he has made since those days. He says that he is overpaid, but he consoles himself with the thought that he and Huntley don't earn as much as they would if they were a pair of TV cowboys instead of a pair of newscasters. Brinkley is not the capitalist that Huntley is. He has no investments and he owns nothing, he says, except sixty acres of land in the mountains of Virginia and a two-story Georgian home in Chevy Chase. Brinkley lives modestly, by show-business standards, and his home life is relatively quiet, even though it involves a wife, three sons, a swimming pool, a big, noisy collie, and a considerable amount of mandatory party-giving. Brinkley's wife is the former Ann Fischer, a pretty, petite brunette who once was a U.P. reporter, and his sons are Alan, nineteen, a student at Princeton; Joel, sixteen; and John, thirteen. Brinkley doesn't care much for such convivial suburban diversions as drinking, swimming, and tennis; he prefers the solitary pleasures of carpentry, at which he is expert, and reading. His favorite pastime, though, may well be his work. "That's the one thing in the world he's really comfortable with," says Mrs. Brinkley.

TO anyone accustomed to the poverty-stricken atmosphere of a newspaper office, there is something dazzling about the financial side of a network-television news operation. A TV news producer dispatches platoons of men and charters planes more casually than a city editor approves an expense account for a dollar-ninety-eight lunch and a cab ride. "One thing about the networks is that they've really got the dough," says Douglas Kiker, a contributing editor on the Huntley-Brinkley show. "There's none of this penny-ante stuff. They base their decisions about what to cover on news values." Kiker is acutely aware of such matters, having served as White House correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* during that paper's threadbare dying days. Only ten years ago, N.B.C.'s annual news budget was ten million dollars. Last year, it was about fifty-two million, excluding sports coverage, and the C.B.S. budget was no doubt similar. The annual budget for "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" alone is more than six million dollars. It may be unfair to compare network news expenditures with those of the newspapers and wire services, since the operations of the three are so different, but, just for the record, here are the approximate annual editorial budgets for three of the nation's most important papers: the Los Angeles *Times*, eight and a half million dollars; the New York *Daily News*, ten and three-quarters million; and the New York *Times*, twenty million. (The *Herald Trib's* was running to almost six million at the paper's death.) The Associated Press budget is fifty-six million, and the budget of United Press International is close to forty-nine million. While the networks' news expenditures have increased greatly, so have their news revenues. In 1962, when "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" was still a fifteen-minute show, there were two and a half commercial minutes available per broadcast, at an average price of eighteen thousand dollars a minute. Today, on the thirty-minute show, there are five commercial minutes available per broadcast, at an average price of twenty-two thousand dollars a minute. The show's annual gross—about twenty-nine million—is now said to be the second-largest among all N.B.C. programs. (The first-place show, "Saturday Night at the Movies," has rates ranging from forty-five thousand to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fifty-seven thousand per commercial minute, and its annual gross is thirty-six million.) What the Huntley-Brinkley show's annual *net* income may be, the outsider can only guess. N.B.C. executives will not discuss the profits of individual shows, on the reasonable theory that loose talk might encourage sponsors to think they're overcharged and stars to think they're underpaid. But an N.B.C. man who is in a position to know says the rule of thumb in estimating net income is that the net equals the gross minus fifty per cent (fifteen per cent for ad-agency commissions and thirty-five per cent for compensation to local stations for carrying the network show) and minus production costs. If this formula is correct, it would indicate an annual profit of about eight million dollars for "The Huntley-Brinkley Report." N.B.C. executives, however, regard such calculations as academic, because, they say, the network news operation as a whole does not break even.

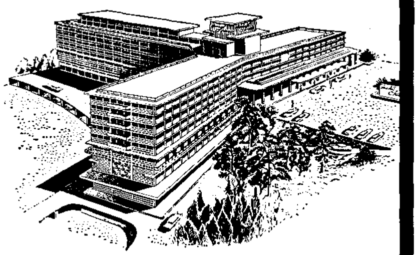
Profit or not, a network news show is a big undertaking financially. It is also a big one physically, involving more personnel and equipment than the viewer might guess from what he sees on the screen. In fact, most of the people involved in such shows, including the principals, have no clear idea how much manpower it takes to get the news on the air each night, and some of them would apparently rather not think about it. Several months ago, while reminiscing about the good old radio days, Huntley said, "Back then, you wrote it, you edited it, and you went down in front of the microphone and put it on the air. There was no pre-recording. And maybe, if you were fortunate, a couple of times a month you could have the experience of walking away from it saying, 'Well, that was about as close to a good job as I possibly shall ever come.' That doesn't happen often in television, because there are too many things that can go wrong, and they usually do. For one thing, there are too many people involved. I don't know exactly how many, but it's real group journalism, and sometimes you feel that your contribution to the total was minute. And there are some nights you *hope* it was." Roger Mudd expressed the same thought recently when he said, "Man, the machinery is really there—it's like the French civil service."

A breakdown of that machinery, including everyone from writers to motorcycle couriers, was made for one Huntley-Brinkley broadcast last fall by Walter Kravetz, an N.B.C. News associate producer and director. His estimate was as follows:

Basic New York and Washington staff (Producers, directors, news editors, writers, production assistants, secretaries)	35
Basic engineering crew in New York (Live studio, film studio, tape room, stagehands, electricians, makeup artist, stage manager)	39
Basic engineering crew in Washington (Same as above)	17
News-film department (Camera crews, film editors, lab crew, messengers)	47
Graphic artists and visual personnel	16
Master-control-network engineers, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles	18
Staff in Los Angeles, for live switch to Los Angeles (Talent, producers, directors, film crews, engineers)	21
American Telephone & Telegraph people used to route show on network	130
Live talent (Huntley, Brinkley, Chancellor, etc.)	7
Total	330

The total could easily have been higher. If there had been a three- or four-minute report by satellite from, say, Tokyo via Lani Bird II, it would have meant the involvement of a hundred more men or so: employees of A.T. & T. or one of the other carriers (I.T. & T. or R.C.A.), in New York; of the Communications Satellite Corporation, at the satellite ground station in Brewster Flat, Washington; of the Kokusai Denshin Denwa Company, Ltd., which handles Japan's overseas communications, at the ground station in Ibaraki, Japan; and of Nippon Hoso Kyokai, a Japanese television network, in Tokyo.

This is not to say that the Huntley-Brinkley staff consists of three or four hundred people. The correspondents in the field, the film crews, and many of the technicians and engineers are not on the Huntley-Brinkley staff proper but work for N.B.C. News or for the network, and make contributions to the nightly broadcast only when they are called upon. The day-to-day work of the show—the writing, the copy editing, the film editing, and much of the reporting—is done by fifty or sixty people in New York and Washington. Among the members of this basic staff are, in New York, Huntley, the executive producer, the producer, three news editors, three writers, a field producer, two directors, a supervising film editor, twelve film editors, and a production assistant; and, in Washington, Brinkley, an associate producer, three writers, a director, four film editors, and a production assistant. Robert Northshield,



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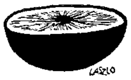
the executive producer, believes in overlap and flexibility—in the words of one of his employees—so it is sometimes difficult to define the duties that go with a particular job on the Huntley-Brinkley staff. In general, producers and news editors make editorial decisions, writers write, film editors edit film, directors run the control room, and field producers go out into the field to scout potential stories and to help camera crews and correspondents put their reports together. But in New York a producer or a news editor sometimes writes, and a writer may find himself serving as a correspondent or a field producer. And in Washington the writers are really field producers and reporters instead of writers, because Brinkley likes to do all the writing.

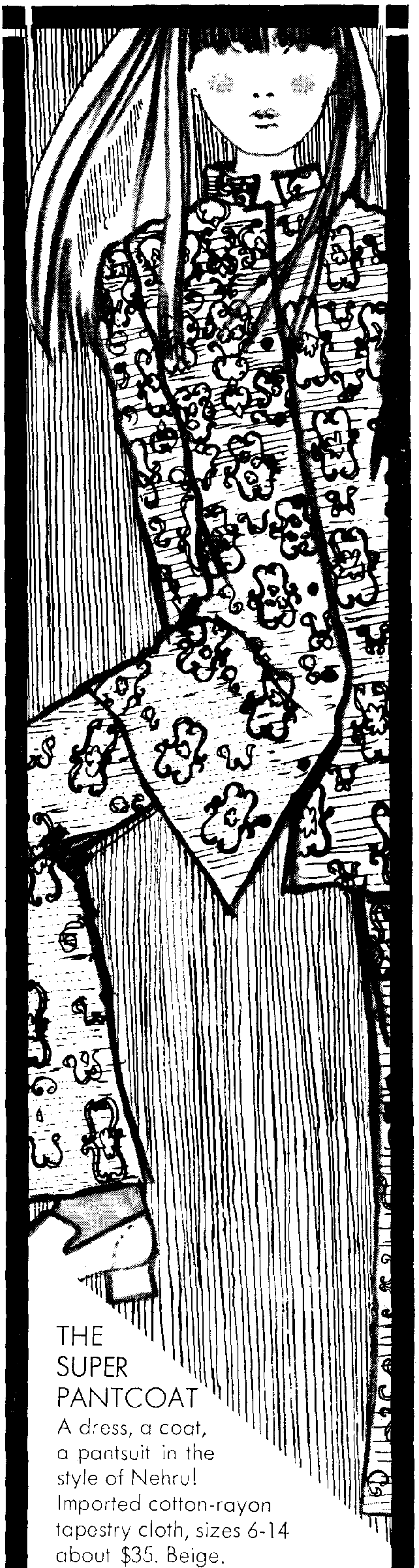


Whatever his job, almost everyone connected with the program must be concerned at times with film—shooting it, processing it, editing it, watching it and evaluating it, or writing copy to complement it. The members of the Huntley-Brinkley staff regard tasks of this sort as both a pleasure and a headache. "If God had wanted to create the most awkward possible way of covering news," says William Hill, an N.B.C. producer, "he would immediately have chosen film." The awkwardness seems to be experienced most keenly by the writers and the correspondents, nearly all of whom are former newspaper reporters. In covering a story, the newspaper reporter needs no physical equipment except a pencil and a notebook; he can travel fast and light. The television correspondent must travel with—at the very least—a cameraman, a sound man, an electrician, and more than sixty pounds of equipment, including cameras, recorders, high-intensity lights, microphones, exposure meters, and cables. He has to worry not only about the substance of a story but also about the logistics of getting it: How can they get from here to there? Can they rent cars, or should they charter a plane? Where will they sleep? More important, he must greatly alter the reporting methods that he learned in the newspaper business. The newspaper reporter's basic technique is the interview—asking people for information and opinions. The television correspondent has to gather the same facts in the same way, but he can't stop when he feels that he understands the story. He must then produce a little movie about it, and his bosses usually prefer a movie that consists of something more than interviews. In 1963, Reuven Frank, in a memo that was first known around N.B.C. as "The Koran" and is now called simply "The Memo," set down his ideas about how to cover news on television. "The Memo" had this to say about interviews:

> An interview can too often be a crutch. Getting a picture of an event as it happens takes effort and luck, sometimes a lot of both. Neither is needed to back some hapless eyewitness, or even participant, against a wall and let him tell what happened. It is too easy to consider this an adequate substitute.
>
> Most people are dull. That is, they communicate ineptly. If they are dull, their description of interesting events will be dull. Sometimes they are interesting, but for the wrong reasons. They suffer from speech defects, tic, or strabismus, and what may make them interesting is precisely what interferes with their contribution to information. Those who communicate eptly—politicians, actors, and the like—tend to be self-serving. . . .
>
> Some interviews are devices for putting a reporter's notes on the air. This is hardly fair to a sponsor paying $2,000 a minute [prices have gone up], even if it does not all go to the reporter. Every beginning journalist is trained to talk to as many people as he can at the scene of a fire or a murder and note what they say—usually in thick copy pencil on newsprint cut into copy paper or on the backs of envelopes. He would have been bemused if when he returned to the city room instead of having him write his story—from his notes—his city editor would have sent his smudged copy paper or envelope to photo-engraving. Most spot interviews of eyewitnesses are in this category. . . .
>
> It takes a professional journalist to know what sentence in a speech or in his own interview should be pulled to the top, set in large type, quoted in the headline and the banner-line. In our business, we cannot pull that sentence out and up. The audience must pick its own sentence and set its own front page around it and do it before we have passed that story and gone on to the next. Television interviews have value, but it is not the same value printed interviews have.
>
> The best illustration I can think of is this: we have evolved so far in television that the Sunday afternoon interviews of the famous and frightening are much more useful to the Washington bureaus of the wire services and the New York *Times* than they are to the television audience. They still make news, if what appears on front pages is the criterion for news. But unless he is waiting for a lead sentence to be spoken, even a professional is likely as he listens to miss the one big news story of the program. Certainly the audience is not sure what it heard until it reads the Monday morning newspapers.

After Frank had dealt with interviews, he described some of the kinds of things he would prefer to see in the correspondents' miniature movies, as in this paragraph from a section of the memo called "News as Film":

> Sound can establish the environment of your event. So can picture. Very few



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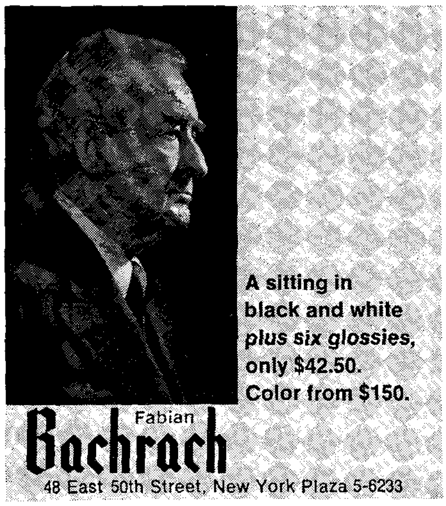
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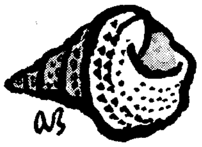
events we trouble to cover are not enhanced by including a feeling of where they took place. This is not the tired newsreel cliché called the establishing shot—a wide picture usually of the exterior of a building inside which what interests us is taking place. But the inside walls, the spectators, the minor actors, pictures of the scene from high up, from far away. In a Congressional hearing, we should see the table of legislators, the crowd in its seat, even the cameras banked together. Recently a Chicago alderman was murdered in his office. We had good pictures of the corpse under a blanket on the floor, the desk at which he was working when he was shot, the chair in which he was sitting. Another network had a walking shot through the door of his office as it opened, past the phalanx of policemen, the lights of the film man—our lights, presumably—the scurrying, the tension. It looked like a crime in Chicago.

The former newspaperman in television must also learn a new style of writing. "It's much more difficult than most people think," says Kiker, who has nine years of newspaper experience and has been with the Huntley-Brinkley show since last August. "I never knew what these people did. I thought they had it easier. But it's two different worlds. You have to remember that television is pictures. If the Mayor says X is going to happen, and someone else says X *and* Y are going to happen, then in a newspaper story you can hedge and qualify. You can say that 'It is said that' and 'On the other hand,' and so on. You can prove a point by putting all these blocks together. But on TV you don't have room for all that. You have to just haul off and say it. It takes very tight writing. You have to write dialogue for yourself—a news story in dialogue form. And it's not vertical writing, it's horizontal writing—writing to time instead of space." Wallace Westfeldt, associate producer, in Washington, of the Huntley-Brinkley show, describes television writing as "the art of not writing, of shutting up and letting the film tell it." Fred Friendly, Murrow's old associate and a former president of C.B.S. News, recently said of reporting and writing for television, "A television reporter can look at the Green Bay-Detroit game and see the same thing you see, but *tell* you something you *can't* see. That's where Brinkley is great. When he looks at an event or a film, he doesn't just see captions."



NEITHER Huntley nor Brinkley runs "The Huntley-Brinkley Report." Huntley spends his time writing and then taping his two daily radio commentaries, and reading as much as possible in an effort to maintain some degree of expertise in world affairs. He has no interest in coping with the hundreds of details involved in assembling a nightly broadcast. He can influence the shape of a particular show, however; if he suggests a story as a lead item or a closing item, or complains that the coverage of some continuing story has been out of balance, he is certainly listened to. Brinkley has plenty of leverage, too, and chooses to apply it to a much greater extent. For all practical purposes, he is the producer of the Washington segment of the program. The boss of the entire show is Robert Northshield, the executive producer. Northshield, a big, jovial man in his mid-forties, succeeded Reuven Frank in June, 1965, and Frank later went on to become vice-president of N.B.C. News. (Frank became president in June of this year, shortly after the death of William McAndrew.) Northshield previously had been general manager of N.B.C. News, and before that he had been producer of the "Today" show, a producer of public-affairs programs at A.B.C., producer of "Adventure" and "Seven Lively Arts" at C.B.S., and a reporter at the Chicago *Sun-Times*. His television work had received considerable critical acclaim, including a Peabody Award and awards at the Venice and Edinburgh film festivals.

Northshield's method of running the show is firm yet casual, and in his staff's offices, which occupy a small suite in the R.C.A. Building, the atmosphere is lighthearted. There is a lot of banter in editorial conferences, which sometimes resemble a chat at the water cooler among office pals. Staff members lounge around reading the *Times*, and stroll in and out of the office at will. Everyone, from secretary to star, is on a first-name basis. Anyone visiting the office before noon might think that he had wandered into some obscure N.B.C. division whose duties were vague and not very urgent. But the look of things is deceptive. Assignments have been made the day before, by Northshield or by the show's producer, Lester Crystal. Correspondents are at work in other cities and other countries, and are in touch with Northshield and Crystal off and on all day, by phone. On other floors, film is being processed, and reports from correspondents are being videotaped. The writer missing from his cubicle is less likely to be on a coffee break than to be upstairs watching a filmed or taped report, for which he will have to write copy if there is no accompanying narration or if the narration is unsatisfactory. Northshield, a news editor, and the supervising film editor may be screening film in other rooms. Something similar, on a smaller scale, is going on in Washington, under the direction of Brinkley and Westfeldt.

By noon, Northshield has seen some film, discussed story ideas with his producer and with the Washington staff, spoken to a correspondent or two, and read as much wire-service copy as possible. These chores will occupy him throughout the day, right up to air time. By 3 P.M., Northshield says, he is beginning to tense up. "I'm worrying about what we have and don't have. The first question is: Have we covered everything? Second: Do we have enough? Third: What's the lead, and do we have a closer?" Unless he is delayed by an important late-breaking story, Northshield will begin trying to make a rundown—a list of the stories that will be used on the program, with an estimate of the time to be allotted to each—between three-thirty and four. Perhaps six or eight of these stories will be filmed or taped reports, varying in length, usually, from one and a half to three and a half minutes. The twenty or so other stories will be briefer, non-visual ones, to be condensed from wire reports by Huntley, Brinkley, and the staff writers. Shortly before five, Crystal holds a story conference with the writers and gives them their assignments. Each man's is likely to be brief—anywhere from thirty seconds to three minutes of copy, which, at Huntley's speaking pace of three words a second, means from ninety to five hundred and forty words. But the writers often find it hard to complete their work by air time, at six-thirty. Gilbert Millstein, a news editor who came to the show in 1965 with twenty-five years of experience at the *Times*, the *News*, *Time*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, says that boiling several stories down to five hundred and forty words for television is as difficult as turning out a two-column piece—about fifteen hundred words—for the *Times*.

Because of this and other production hazards, the calm that has prevailed in the Huntley-Brinkley offices most of the day often gives way at five to an excitement bordering on frenzy. Like the excitement occasionally found in a newspaper office or backstage at a theatre, it is heightened by the approach

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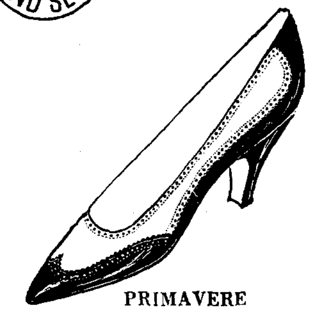

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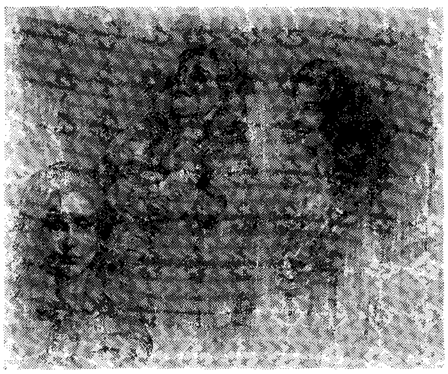

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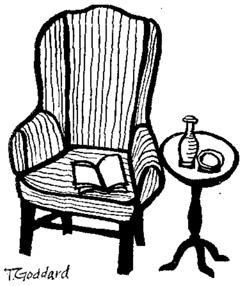
of a deadline and by the necessity of performing well under pressure and in public. An important difference is that in television there is no such thing as stopping the presses or delaying the curtain. The show must go on at thirty minutes and no seconds after six, and must go off at fifty-eight minutes and thirty-four seconds after six. Yet it is not unusual, when there are late stories, for one of the writers to be still working furiously fifteen minutes after the broadcast has begun. Neither is it unusual for Northshield and his production assistant, who times each story as it is delivered on the air, to discover in the middle of the broadcast that they are running several seconds behind and don't know exactly how they will get off the air on schedule. In anticipation of such a difficulty, a minute or two in each rundown is reserved for what is called "pad"—brief, less important stories that can be dropped at a signal from Northshield. A few more seconds can be gained by cutting short the credits and the theme music. At the end of a broadcast, the mood in the control room is usually one not of reflection or self-criticism but of simple relief.

The show is seen live, at 6:30 P.M. Eastern time, in many parts of the East, the South, and the Midwest, and is taped for rebroadcast at other hours in other areas of the country. New York gets both the Huntley-Brinkley show and "The C.B.S. Evening News with Walter Cronkite" on tape, at seven. This delay allows the staff of each of the two shows to watch its own product live, on monitors, and then to tune in the competition immediately afterward. Each staff tends to rate the shows as fairly even, but to give a slight edge to its own show. C.B.S. people, including Cronkite and Mudd, seem to feel that the Cronkite show offers more hard news and that it is a little sounder journalistically. "There is a general feeling that Cronkite covers more news and that Huntley-Brinkley has a tendency to 'edit long,' " Mudd said recently. "On a speech or a press conference, we might run a minute and they might go two and a half. Sometimes this is very effective. Nobody has decided what an evening show really should do—cover a lot of things fast or a few things well. Still, there is a cursory feeling about the Huntley-Brinkley show, a feeling that after you watch it you don't know quite as much about as many things. They're more likely to go for the long, soft feature. For instance, they gave about eight minutes to the last voyage of the Queen Mary and made only one point over and over—that the world doesn't have time for that kind of luxury anymore." Cronkite sees another difference in the shows. "Brinkley in particular and Huntley occasionally will participate in what might be called an instant analysis or a comment on the news in a sort of parenthetical manner," he says. "I'm not suggesting which is the more viable approach, but that's something we scrupulously avoid."

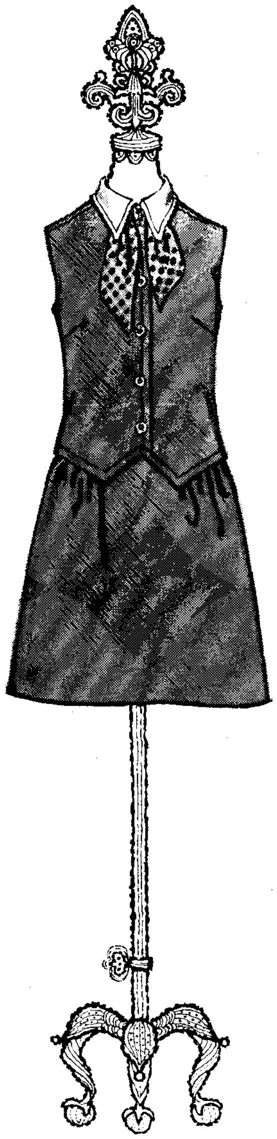
The members of the Huntley-Brinkley staff all have a high regard for the quality of C.B.S. reporting, but they don't think much of the writing on the Cronkite show. In their discussions of the subject, a recurrent phrase is "U.P.I.-style writing." Justly or not, for many journalists "U.P.I.-style writing" is a synonym for journalese—for clichés, melodrama, overstatement, oversimplification, and corny brightness. "We always felt that as writers they couldn't carry our shoes," Patrick Trese, a former Huntley-Brinkley writer who now covers politics for N.B.C. News, said several months ago. "They had a U.P.I. approach, while we were worrying about little details like sequence of tenses. We'd say 'Communist China' and they'd say 'Red China'—little things like that." Gilbert Millstein says, "I think there is a sophistication and a simplicity in our writing that they don't have on the Cronkite show. They can be embarrassing. We wince at that last line of Cronkite's—'And that's the way it is.' And they have a fake folksiness. Sometimes their transition from one story to another will be something like 'By the way.' " And William Hill says, "It's very often a standoff in substance and picture. But they seem a little more sensational to me at times. What they choose to lead with, for instance. It kind of boils down to adjectives—making things seem black and white, worse or better than they are. A lot of their stuff must be read in the same light as U.P.I. That is, take the adjectives out and see what it really means."

An evaluation from outside the business was offered in 1963 by *Newsweek*, which characterized the Cronkite show as "sort of a visual New York *Times* with a twist—'all the news that fits we show,' " and described the Huntley-Brinkley show as the equivalent of "a good afternoon newspaper." Brinkley considered the comparison silly. "I think, to the extent it has any relevance at all, it would be the other way around," he said recently. "Those terms are very loose and fuzzy. I think our approach to the news would be more like that of the New York *Times* than Cronkite's is. I suspect—I couldn't be positive, because I don't see his show enough, but I suspect we cover more of the important dull news than Cronkite does. I doubt, for example, that he's done as much as we have with the conflict between the President and Wilbur Mills about the tax and economic argument."

Until two or three years ago, a majority of the public and of the critics seemed to agree with the Huntley-Brinkley staff that its show was the better one. Now, they may not. During the past year, the C.B.S. show has taken the lead in the ratings, and it is becoming more and more common to hear newspapermen and politicians say that they find Cronkite "more solid." This apparent shift was reflected in a *Time* cover story on Cronkite in October of 1966. "Of all the shows on all the networks," *Time* said, "it is Cronkite's that most consistently triumphs over the built-in drawbacks of TV newscasting." It would be difficult to prove *Time's* assertion or one to the contrary. Anyone who can manage to see the shows back to back every night for a month or so is likely to feel that there is little to choose between them when they are judged on news content rather than on style or personality. Very often, of course, they are not judged on content; style and personality have been important factors in the competition between N.B.C. and C.B.S. over the years. For a time in the late fifties and the early sixties, "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" was clearly superior to its C.B.S. counterpart as a news medium, but its strength with the public and the critics may have been based as much on fashion as on quality. For instance, *Newsweek* complained in 1961 that C.B.S. reporting was occasionally "saddled with an air of doom and gloom, a hang-over from the Ed Murrow era," and similar observations were appearing in other magazines and newspapers. Thus, Murrow was being discarded as casually as an out-of-date hemline, and his approach to television news was suddenly just a quaint mannerism from the past—"that doom-and-gloom stuff." The new model was Brinkley, whose light touch was especially welcome after the general grayness of the Eisenhower years. If Brinkley and N.B.C. benefitted from that contrast, perhaps Cronkite is now benefitting from one of another sort. Today—when the atmosphere is psychedelic rather than gray, and the effort to offer the public new excitements in the media is so strenuous that a soft drink or a new shade of lipstick is likely to be represented as something "naughty" or "outrageous" or "hip"—perhaps some viewers find reassurance in the mustache, the pipe, and the avuncular manner of Walter Cronkite.



N.B.C.'s initial pairing of Huntley and Brinkley—for its television coverage of the 1956 political conventions—seems to have been more an act of desperation than a logical decision. Reuven Frank now thinks of it as "a show-business accident—an accident of casting." At the time, C.B.S. had the dominant network news operation, in prestige, ratings, and personnel. In the weeks of planning before the conventions, N.B.C.'s problem was not so much choosing an anchor man from a list of potential ones as thinking up any names worth putting on the list. Frank remembers that the early candidates included a man ready for retirement and a man who was young and attractive "but merely a stumblebum." Frank and several of the other younger producers and executives wanted either Huntley or Brinkley, each of whom was still relatively unknown, and they could not decide which they preferred. "And then," Frank has recalled, "one of the great compromisers said, 'Why don't we put the two of them together?,' meaning the old guy and the stumblebum. And we—and this was principally me, the producer of Huntley's 'Outlook' show; Bill McAndrew, who was director of news; and Joe Meyers, who was manager of news, and is dead now—we said, 'Let's put *those* two together,' meaning Huntley and Brinkley. It was like the light bulb going on over someone's head in the comics. The light bulb went on almost simultaneously for the three of us." Since the decision turned out later to have been such an important one for N.B.C., there are other versions of how it was made, featuring other participants, but Frank's will serve as well as any. Though C.B.S. received the highest ratings for its coverage of the conventions, Huntley and Brinkley had some critical suc-



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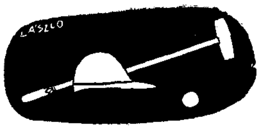
cess, and considerably enhanced their reputations. This led to their assignment to the nightly show, which was fifteen minutes long, as replacements for Swayze. Frank thought that using two men was a terrible idea for the show, but he agreed to become its producer.

Several months ago, Frank, a prematurely gray man in his late forties, who is both soft-spoken and emphatic, received a visitor at his office in the R.C.A. Building and reminisced about the show's first months. "It was quite an opening show," Frank said. "It may have been the worst news show in history. We went on with no dry run at all. We had a little time in the studio on a Saturday, and on Monday, October 29th, we went. The Hungarian revolution was fresh—maybe a week old. The Israelis jumped off against the Suez Canal on the twenty-ninth. We had *no* facilities, and we were brand-new—we had gotten rid of the entire Swayze production crowd. You know, we were all experienced in the business, but the neuromuscular patterns of a daily program, for those of us who had done one, were something in the past. I'd been on the Swayze show for years, but that was a year and a half or two years before. It requires a certain attack. Your juices have to flow just a certain way or else you're not going to make it. And we were a very small staff, and very poor. Besides which, a resident genius had taken over the designing of the set—he's no longer here—and had instructed our set designer that what he wanted was a set for a *ballet* about the news. The genius had no journalistic background, and, boy, the set really looked it. Don Hewitt, over at C.B.S., used to call it the Martian Ballroom. The thing was supposed to give the effect of having pillars, and it was a big semicircle—a studio big enough for a production of 'Hamlet.' On one side of it was a monitor, where we had Brinkley. On the other side, all across the face of the studio, was a projection screen for maps and still pictures. And in the back were these things that looked like scimitars growing out, so that at a certain angle it did look like pillars, where you were going to get a lady in diaphanous robes floating around in a classical ballet. But whatever shot you took of Huntley, one of these God-damned things would grow out of his head. And we went crazy. During a piece of film, Huntley had to go running back and forth across this stage, because someone here had committed money to the development of an inflatable globe ten or twelve feet high, with physical features correct to a logarithmic scale. They had put a lot of money in it, so somebody said, '*Use* that.' So there was this *thing* in the center of the set, and they wanted Huntley to point to it. And I said, 'Well, he can't run this way and that; we just don't have enough time in a fifteen-minute show.' It was a marvellous globe, except that it had no relevance to this kind of program. Finally, we took a lot of photographs of it and did our maps on the photographs, and that was great.



"Our budget then was murder. I guess it was a fifth or a sixth of what they have now. And I had to amortize this huge set and I don't know how many tens of thousands of dollars on this globe, plus the fact that this studio was not ours, but ours for four hours a day. So I had to have stagehands come in and inflate the globe and then deflate it and truck it down to our warehouse on Eighteenth Street and truck it back. I had stagehands and teamsters, but I had no money for news coverage. Well, around January they said, 'You've got to cut your budget—you're spending too much money.' And I said, 'Fine, I'll tell you how I'm going to do it.' Now, in those days, news people reported to entertainment people. So I couldn't just say, 'Look, if I can get rid of this *junk*, I can save almost ten thousand dollars a week.' I had to give it to them in their terms. I said, 'I've worked out a new *concept* for the program.' And they said, 'Yeah? What's that?' I said, 'I call it the closet-to-closet concept.' And all these guys, with very solemn looks, they said, 'Well, would you explain that?' And I said, 'Well, it seems to me that, for news presentation, material is more important than setting. A newsman can do a news show in a closet.' And they nodded and said, 'Well, all right.' And I said, 'Well, I want a closet in New York and a closet in Washington.' And I got them. I had an announcer's booth eight and a half feet wide and twenty-two feet long, with a glass window fronting on the hall. And I went to Hjalmar Hermanson, that wonderful designer, and I said, 'I want this thing to look like it extends from Sixth Avenue to maybe Third.' So he gave me a Mercator-projection map with forced perspective. Then we got little clocks for the wall, and painted a door no more than a couple of feet high. It was the damnedest forced perspective, and it cost nothing. And I got another set for Brinkley, with nothing on it, just Brinkley. Without damaging the corpus of my program, I saved about eight grand a week.

"But at the beginning the program was a dog. It just died. The stuff was awful, and nobody knew us, and we had to fight our way. But that kind of keeps you going. Sponsors stayed away in droves. We were on in those days at 7:45 P.M., which is network time. Douglas Edwards, at C.B.S., had run away from Swayze, after years where it was reversed—where Swayze was actually the highest-rated program in television, I think. We were running a seven Neilsen, which is, you know, miserable. And then we went down to a four. And Huntley and Brinkley and I often talked about the fact that we were trying to do a program the way we wanted to do a program, because we couldn't understand all those audience-measurement things. I was prepared to be called in to the front office of a Friday night and thanked for my noble and vigorous effort, because I don't think we were doing a job for them. You know, here was their No. 1 news show, and, no matter how badly you do it, your principal news program must pay the core costs of your news operation. And we weren't getting any income. We weren't bringing it in. Personally, if I'd been an advertiser I don't think I would have bought the show. The guys were not used to each other. The format was new. People used to make fun of the closing—the 'Good night, Chet.' Including Huntley and Brinkley, who kept begging me to stop using it. I'm the guy who wrote that. Supposing you had been the man who first said 'So's your old man,' or 'Your mother wears Army shoes,' or something else that got into the language. I sat down at the typewriter and wrote something that got into the language—'Good night, Chet.' 'Good night, David.' 'And good night for N.B.C. News.' And when the guys complained, I said, 'Look, you must end a program.' And Brinkley said, 'Not this way, it makes us sound like fags. It's corny.' I told them if they could think of a shorter one, all right, and they never did.

"The summer of 1957, the program was sustaining for thirteen weeks. You couldn't give it away. And why Kintner [Robert Kintner, former president of N.B.C.] and Bob Sarnoff didn't do just that, I don't know. There was one entire quarter when we didn't have a commercial minute on the program. Then, all of a sudden, it started to

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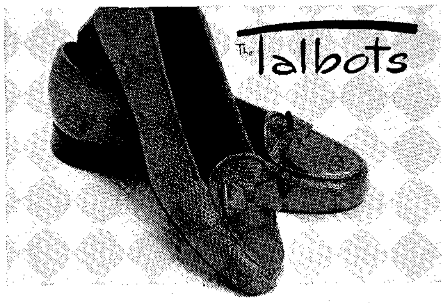

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take off—I believe in the spring of 1958. It was coincident with, and not unrelated to, Texaco's buying the show out. There had been improvement in the show, and there had been improvement in the rating, too, I believe."

Things got better for the show and its stars in 1958, but in 1960 and thereafter they got wonderful. At the 1960 conventions, Huntley and Brinkley won all the critical attention and defeated their C.B.S. opposition, Cronkite and Murrow, by a humiliating margin in the ratings. "It wasn't only the political old guard that perished in Los Angeles," Jack Gould wrote in his TV column in the *Times*. "The pontificating commentators of television also succumbed in the early hours of yesterday; they couldn't withstand the fresh breeze of David Brinkley's wit." Gould went on to rub it in, in another piece: "The National Broadcasting Company's team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley swept away the stuffy, old-fashioned concept of ponderous reportage on the home screen. They talked as recognizable humans, sprinkled their observations with delightful wit, and were easily the TV hit of the week." C.B.S. News did not fully recover from its convention defeat for nearly seven years. Maintaining their momentum after the conventions, Huntley and Brinkley took a commanding lead in the ratings with their nightly show in 1961 and 1962. Simultaneously, they took an equally commanding lead in the publicity battle, winning award after award, and becoming the subject of frequent magazine and newspaper articles. In 1962, C.B.S. fought back by removing Douglas Edwards from "The C.B.S. Evening News" and replacing him with Walter Cronkite. Under Cronkite, the show improved and increased in popularity, and for a time in the summer of 1963 it drew even with "The Huntley-Brinkley Report." But 1964 brought another convention debacle for C.B.S. Cronkite fell so far behind Huntley and Brinkley in the convention ratings that C.B.S. replaced him as anchor man with Roger Mudd and Bob Trout, and they fared even worse. Huntley and Brinkley held on to their edge in the ratings most of the time through the next three years—until late in 1967, when Cronkite seemed finally to have caught up with them for good.

If ratings and polls have any degree of accuracy at all, then both shows have now attained an audience of spectacular size and an influence that is probably beyond calculation. Early this year, it was estimated that during any given minute of a broadcast 19,240,000 people were watching the Huntley-Brinkley show, and that the total audience per broadcast was 21,550,000. The equivalent figures for the Cronkite show were 19,680,000 and 21,930,000. And as the audience for each show has grown, so, apparently, has each show's authority with the public. A long-range Roper poll (which has been challenged by other researchers but still may be evidence of a trend) indicates that television is now the nation's primary news source, and—more surprising—that the public places greater faith in what it sees on television than in what it reads in newspapers. One of the questions asked in the Roper poll was "If you got conflicting or different reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe—the one on radio or television or magazines or newspapers?" In 1959, twenty-nine per cent of those polled chose television as the most believable, and thirty-two per cent chose newspapers. In 1967, the figures were forty-one per cent for television and twenty-four per cent for newspapers.

Despite all this public acceptance, Huntley-Brinkley staff members and other television news people sometimes feel unloved and misunderstood. This is because so many harsh and, in their opinion, unfair things are said about them by television critics, mass-media critics, newspapermen, and academics. Although the TV people admit that television news has many shortcomings, they feel that some of the standard criticisms of it are not judgments at all but simply assertions—unproved and unexamined notions that gain authority through repetition. Several assertions of the sort they have in mind were included in the 1966 *Time* cover story on Cronkite. For instance, there was the old assumption that television news is a branch of show business and is under the thumb of the advertisers. "Of almost equal importance [with other "tyrannies" besetting television news] is the tyranny of advertisers," *Time* said. "Though the newsmen, with good reason, proclaim their freedom, the sponsor's influence is still apparent. Commercials, the newsmen occasionally boast, are restricted to a small percentage of a news program's time, far less than the percentage of space given over to ads in successful newspapers. But it is also true that those commercials appear right in the middle of the electronic front page. Few newspapers give their advertisers such considerate treatment." Instead of showing just how "the sponsor's influence is still apparent," *Time* offered a metaphor—"commercials appear right in the middle of the electronic front page." But since, as Cronkite told *Time*, "there are no back pages in our kind of journalism," it is difficult to imagine where the commercials would appear except on the "electronic front page." If the advertisers do exert any influence on the nightly shows, it is so subtle that the correspondents and writers themselves are unaware of it. "I think our medium—television—is the freest and most nearly independent news medium on earth," Brinkley said recently. "There are a few newspapers that would fall into the same category, but not very many. The *Times* is one. It is hard to name more than a handful of others, and none of them is circulated truly nationally. N.B.C.—the management of the network—has no editorial position on anything. No one at N.B.C., since the day I came to work here, has ever once hinted, suggested, or implied that I should take this or that line on anything." Herbert J. Gans, a sociologist with the Center for Urban Education, in New York, who is making a long-range study of the mass media, remarked recently, "Despite the old stereotype that media employees report the news as their owners and advertisers see fit, this is not true of national television and magazines, however true it may be of the local press. People who work in the media I have studied so far are surprisingly free from outside interference on the part of non-professionals and business executives, and can decide on their own what to cover and how to cover it."

A related criticism is that television news shows, since they are under the influence of advertisers, are naturally timid. *Time* said, "And network executives are notoriously timid about antagonizing anyone—particularly the people who pay their bills. Which means that there is a pervading reluctance to take sides on any issue. 'I find an almost excessive lack of bias on television,' says Howard K. Smith. 'We are afraid of a point of view. We stick to the old American belief that there is an objectivity. If a man says the world is round, we run out to find someone to say it is flat.' " In an article in *Nieman Reports*, in December, 1963,

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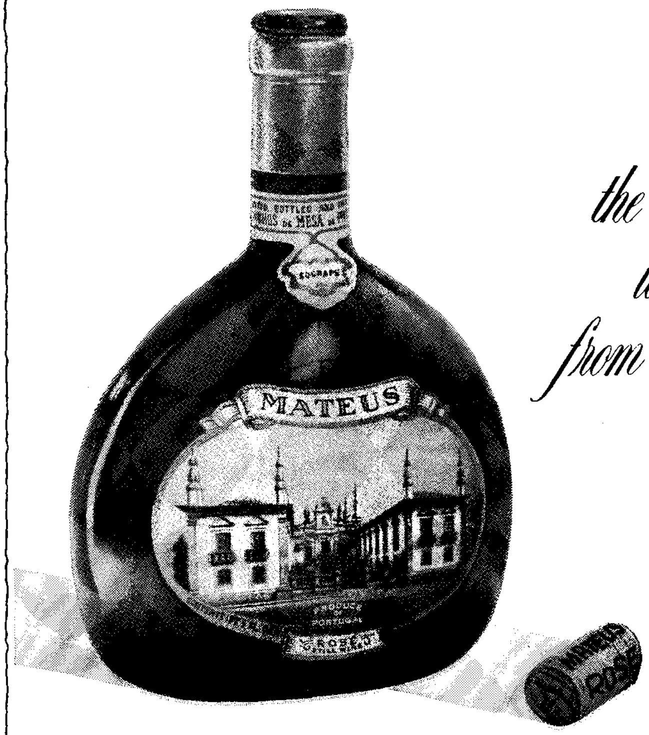

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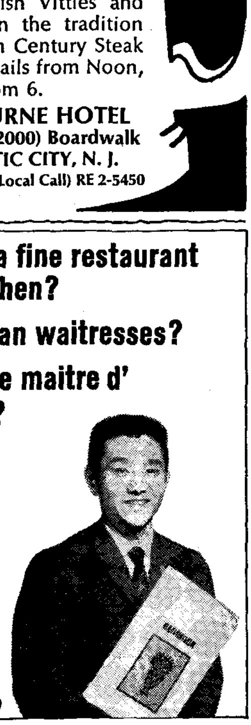

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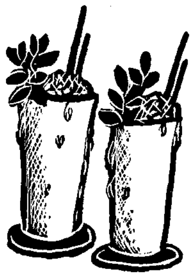
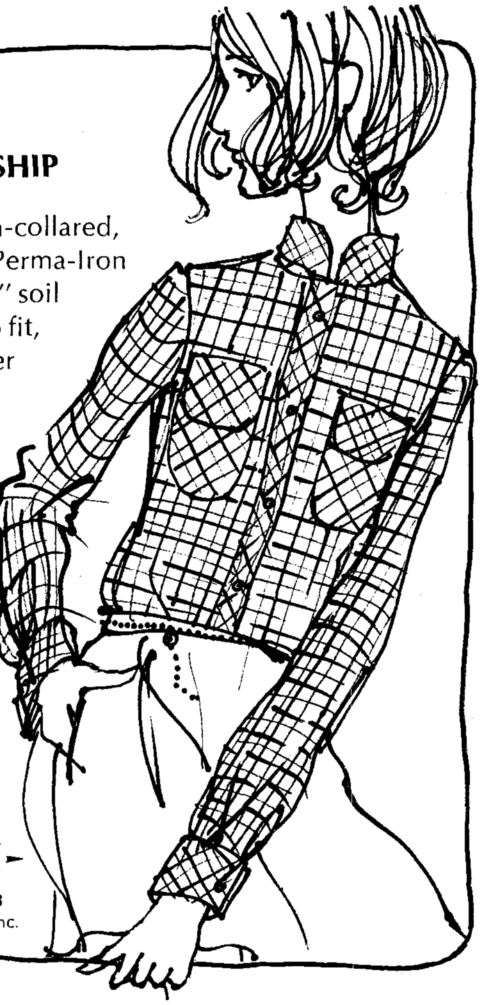
Karl E. Meyer, a foreign correspondent for the Washington *Post*, wrote that television discourages contentiousness, and "favors the bland vendors of Fact—the Huntleys and the Cronkites who convey a personal opinion only through inscrutable movements of the eyebrow or a slight modulation of a mellifluous voice." Such observations are offered frequently, despite the evidence to the contrary that is displayed regularly on the network news programs. Huntley and Brinkley both deliver outright editorials when they are upset or irritated by something, and their correspondents in the field often go far beyond the newspaper and wire-service notion of objectivity. For some time now, it has been almost impossible to watch the Cronkite show or the Huntley-Brinkley show without seeing a reporter standing in an outdoor setting somewhere and delivering a little homily on race relations or making historical, political, and tactical judgments about the war in Vietnam. To take only one instance, Kiker was not bashful about including his personal judgments in his reporting from Vietnam last February. Much of what he said on the air could have appeared in a newspaper only as part of an editorial or a news analysis by a columnist. In one report, he said, "South Vietnam's cities will never be the same because of these guerrilla attacks, and neither will the war. These attacks represent a major turning point—a point equal in historical importance to the beginning of the bombing of the North, or the large-scale introduction of U.S. troops. . . . At press briefings, the U.S. Mission is *trying* to give the impression that all this is just a temporary setback of no major consequence. Until these attacks came, American officials here were bragging about the great progress being made in the war—bragging so much that new charges of a lack of credibility are bound to result. . . . Despite official claims of great progress, Vietnam's rural-pacification program was making little progress even before the attacks. Now its very existence is threatened. . . . It's inevitable that the South Vietnamese Army will be clustered more closely in these cities, because the government simply cannot afford to take more chances with its key urban strongholds. This would mean that a diminished American force would be fighting the Vietcong alone for control of the countryside. And that's *not* the way this war is going to be won."



Perhaps the most serious criticism of television news is that—hampered by its need for pictures, for brevity, and for appeal to a national, mass audience—it is superficial. Television newsmen agree that their coverage often is superficial, compared with that of the *Times*, but they are tired of being compared with the *Times*. "The whole approach of this sort of criticism is wrong," a network correspondent said recently. "We aren't supplying an inferior sort of newspaper coverage—we're supplying *television* coverage. The newspaperman considers pictures an annoying necessity for us, but we consider them simply part of the medium, and the source of much of its impact. Being condescending toward us for our reliance on pictures is like knocking a newspaper article for not being a book, or a movie for not being a novel. Our coverage just gives another aspect of the news. It's only part of the news, but sometimes it's an important part." Reuven Frank had something similar in mind when he wrote, in his 1963 memo, "The highest power of television journalism is not in the transmission of information but in the transmission of experience. . . . There are events which exist in the American mind and recollection primarily because they were reported on regular television news programs. We have found a dimension of information which is not contained in words alone. The rebellion in Hungary; Little Rock; the Berlin Wall; Suez; the 1960 Democratic primaries; Khrushchev's visit; de Gaulle; the hurricane at Lake Charles, Louisiana . . . Each member of the audience has his own list. Television brings to reporting the transmission of experience, and here it is matchless. But not all of the major stories of the past dozen years were created by television. The Supreme Court nine-to-nothing decision in Brown vs. Board of Education worked a major permanent change in American society, but television could not report the decision itself as well as newspapers could. The failure of any Communist country to feed itself may be the climactic fact of this century. It is primarily a story for magazines and books."

As surely as television news programs must have pictures, they must have a large, national audience, in order to attract sponsors and survive. This means limiting the selection of stories to those which the producers consider of national or international importance, or of general interest. Again, however, television news people apparently regard playing to this audience as a unique characteristic of the medium, rather than as a troublesome chore or a mandate for superficiality. Considering the parochialism of so many local papers, they feel that they are performing an important educational service by reaching millions of people with a serious, though cursory, report of the news. Few of them have any desire to put on a broadcast version of the *Times* or *Foreign Affairs* and thus to reach only a small audience that is already served by other media. And, though none of them think television alone is an adequate source of news, some of them believe that the disparity between their coverage and that of the newspapers is not quite as great as the heft of a *Times* might make it appear. Brinkley, for one, is inclined to think that there is often less going on than meets the eye, and that the "real story" about what's up often is that nothing is up. "There are many days," Brinkley said recently, "when there is so little real news that we have a hard time finding anything to lead the program with that is not embarrassing to use as a lead. Well, on those same days the *Times*, which is the closest thing we have to a national newspaper, will come out with sixty pages. And it *looks* like a paper fat with news. But when you get down to it, it's not. A fourth or a third or sometimes half of the front page might be local news, which we wouldn't use. Inside, it's full of ads, more local news, trade news of one kind or another, business news, industrial news, analyses of the Broadway season so far, and stuff like that—stuff that we wouldn't use if we had it and had the time for it." Brinkley would reject such stories not because he thinks his audience has a narrower range of interests than the *Times'* audience (though it surely has) but because of a basic difference between broadcasting and print. The broadcasting media exist in time, and the print media exist in space. In this sense, it is television that is the linear, one-thing-at-a-time medium and the newspaper that is the mosaic, to borrow the terms of Marshall McLuhan, the Canadian media oracle. In other words, the television viewer must either watch the news program or not watch it; the newspaper reader can skim or ignore stories and skip around in the paper, choosing what interests him. The Huntley-Brinkley staff members assume that using a *Times* approach on television would mean a daily show two or three hours long. They assume further



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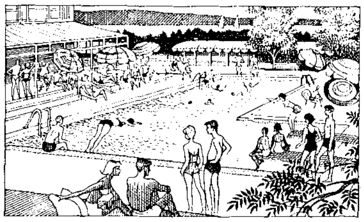

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that it would be unwatchable, because the viewer would have to watch all or most of it in order to see the part that really interested him. How many people would read the *Times* if it were available only at a certain hour of the day, and if they had to read every word of it, on a long, slowly unwinding roll of paper?

However defensive the network news people may be about their critics, they are not satisfied with the job they are now doing on the nightly shows. They admit that a lot of details are ignored in a show based, as the present ones are, on the assumption that a four-minute report on the air is a long one. Most of them also admit that television news is still weak in first-hand, investigative reporting, and that its reliance on the *Times* and the wire services is enormous. As a possible remedy, both N.B.C. and C.B.S. have studied the idea of a nightly one-hour show—a compromise between the present half-hour show and the hypothetical, unwatchable three-hour one. So far, there seems to be more enthusiasm for a one-hour show at C.B.S. than at N.B.C. But neither network can expand its show without the coöperation of the affiliated stations, which are reluctant to give up another half hour of local time and the advertising revenue that goes with it. For if local television is often bush-league journalistically, it is strictly big-time financially. The N.B.C. affiliate in one fairly large Southern city, for example, receives four hundred and fifty-three dollars per broadcast from the network for carrying the Huntley-Brinkley show; but its own local news show, when all the commercial time is sold, has a gross revenue of eighty-five hundred dollars per broadcast, or $2,210,000 a year. N.B.C. executives say that, for now, the expansion idea has been rejected.

Brinkley and Reuven Frank are skeptical about the value of a longer show anyway. They wonder if an hour show would produce reporting of greater depth or simply more of what is already being offered. It was a desire for more depth, within the limitations of the thirty-minute program, that led N.B.C. last August to make the greatest change in the Huntley-Brinkley show since late in 1963, when the Huntley-Brinkley and Cronkite shows were both expanded from fifteen minutes to thirty. On August 21st, after several months of discussion and two weeks of rehearsal, N.B.C. added to the Huntley-Brinkley show four so-called contributing editors, to cover stories and to engage in ad-lib conversations about the news with each other and with Huntley and Brinkley. The contributing editors included three experienced N.B.C. correspondents—Chancellor, Sander Vanocur, and Jack Perkins—and Kiker, then a newcomer to the medium. The new approach, suggested by Brinkley, was modelled on N.B.C.'s highly successful convention coverage, which always featured Huntley and Brinkley, as anchor men, talking informally with each other and with reporters who were roaming among the delegates. Brinkley's idea was that using this approach nightly could make "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" more informative. He thought that some unrehearsed questioning from him and from Huntley might shake the contributing editors out of the slick, conventional patterns of reporting and, in a sense, startle them into telling everything they knew about a story. Before each broadcast, the participants were to be told which stories were up for ad-lib discussion—or "crosstalk," as it was called—but careful planning was to be avoided, in order to insure informality.

The morning after its première, the revised show received a cautiously favorable welcome from Jack Gould in the *Times*. Gould approved of the attempt to provide more background material at the expense of film footage, and commended N.B.C. for its "venturesome initiative." During the next couple of weeks, the Huntley-Brinkley staff people were like children with a new toy. They used the crosstalk at every opportunity, and delighted in the smooth way in which Brinkley and the others handled the tricky business of live, ad-lib news analysis. As it happened, the experiment was being watched with some pleasure at C.B.S., too. One C.B.S. producer who was asked what he thought of the change replied, with a happy smile, "I love it, it's awful." It was not really awful, but neither was it a complete success. Although the correspondents were performing well, aside from getting off a few inevitable non sequiturs, they were seldom saying anything in their ad libs that was especially interesting or that could not have been included in their regular reports. Mail on the change was fairly heavy. The viewers who approved of it were rapturous, and those who didn't were outraged. A furious resident of Summit, New Jersey, wrote not only to N.B.C. but also to a sponsor, the American Home Products Corporation, vowing that until the new approach was scrapped he would not combat his sinus congestion with Dristan or shave his face with Aero Shave. The pro and con factions were about evenly represented in the mail, and N.B.C. executives considered this a bad sign. They reasoned that the happy viewers would simply keep watching, the unhappy viewers would switch to Cronkite, and the Cronkite viewers who might like the new Huntley-Brinkley show would never know about it—responses that added up to a loss of viewers. Then there was an even worse sign. For the previous couple of years, Cronkite had moved ahead in the ratings during the summer months but had dropped behind again in the fall. N.B.C.'s perhaps smug theory was that during the summer "their people"—the young and well-to-do—were too busy with tennis and surfing and yachting to watch television, and that the absence of these swingers gave Cronkite, with his oldsters and shut-ins, the advantage. But in 1967 Cronkite was still ahead in late September and early October. This development was so jarring that it almost excited Paul G. Klein, the vice-president in charge of audience measurement in N.B.C.'s research department, who is known for a degree of detachment about television that is unusual among the medium's executives. ("TV is based on the principle of least obnoxious," Klein has said. "You don't sit down to watch a *show*, you sit down to watch *TV*. Then it's just a matter of 'What's on?' You're turning on TV to eat up your life.") When the Huntley-Brinkley show fell two points behind Cronkite in the Neilsen ratings, a naïve acquaintance of Klein's asked him if that was bad. "Is that *bad?*" Klein repeated. He paused, as though trying to summon up words to describe a concept beyond the comprehension of a layman. "It's *terrible!*" he finally said, in a low, mournful tone. Friends of Northshield's say that a few minutes before 6 P.M. on October 5th, Julian Goodman, the president of N.B.C., called Northshield into his office and told him that the ratings were down, which Northshield already knew, of course. The conversation was casual, but Goodman's choice of that hour—shortly before air time, when Northshield was extremely busy—seemed to underscore the gravity of the situation. That night, Brinkley, Chancellor, and Vanocur flew in from Washington for a long discussion of crosstalk with Northshield, Huntley, and Kiker. Northshield is said to have told them that a crisis might be approaching.

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crisis never came. There were no firings or reorganizations. The crosstalk ceased to be a nightly feature, but it is still used for reporting important stories. Huntley and Brinkley have remained behind in the ratings; their audience has decreased slightly, but Cronkite's has increased considerably. Crosstalk and ratings aside, the new approach may have helped the show. The reporting has probably been strengthened by the addition of the four contributing editors, who, unlike the other N.B.C. correspondents, work exclusively for "The Huntley-Brinkley Report," and are not on call for such shows as "Today" and "The Frank McGee Report." Some network people regard the inclusion of Kiker among the four as an especially good omen for the future of television reporting. His swift rise at N.B.C. is said to show that a reporter can succeed in television journalism on a journalistic basis, without the usual star qualities. Kiker's accent is Southern, and though he is nice-looking, he is not glamorous. "I'm not handsome," Kiker said recently. "I've got big ears. I've thought about putting some dark stuff in them to make them look smaller. But then I wouldn't be that reporter at N.B.C. with big ears—I'd be that dirty-eared reporter at N.B.C." Northshield, in particular, is pleased that Kiker seems to have been accepted by the N.B.C. brass. "I've known about this guy ever since he was at the *Trib*," Northshield said not long ago. "I remember when he made a camera test, looking for a job. I was impressed that anyone would *give* him a camera test. He had everything else, and yet when you look at him . . . If there was anybody at N.B.C. who was willing to spend the money to tape him, even knowing what he looked like—why, hell, then obviously I had it licked."

The addition of the four regulars to the show has been welcomed enthusiastically by Huntley and Brinkley, who are now able to get out and cover stories more often; both stars had been complaining for some time about their confinement in the studio. The network, for its part, sees a possible long-term advantage in the constant public exposure of the new men. Huntley and Brinkley obviously must retire someday, and when they do, one or more of the contributing editors should have attained star status and should be ready to replace the superstars. Huntley and Brinkley both think of retirement—or at least of quitting the nightly show—in a vague, wistful way these days. Both say that they are not tired of the news business but that the routine of the regular show is wearing.

"The work is endlessly interesting, but it is confining," Brinkley says. "Every night, rain or shine, sick or well, news or no news, you have to be in the studio at six-thirty-oh-oh-oh-oh. Broadcasting is the only thing done by human beings that is always punctual. The *only* thing. Everything else is late sometimes or early sometimes. So this absolutely unyielding routine does get to be a little difficult." He says that sometime during the next year or two he may begin to fade out of the show—taking off one night a week, then two, and so on, until he is completely out. Then he would like to do some writing and produce a television show occasionally, he says.

Huntley has thought about returning to Montana and entering politics. "I would have to make up my mind by 1972," he said several months ago. "I'd be sixty by then. I wouldn't want to use a Senate or House seat as a form of relaxation, and I don't know how much this trade is taking out of me. Sometimes I feel it's taking my very blood. Of course, the people of Montana would be justified in saying, 'What goes here? What makes this guy think he can come back and claim elective office?' But if I had a fighting chance, and if I didn't have to hurt anybody, and use elbows and claws, I might try it." Huntley says he can imagine himself running in either of the major political parties. Some of Huntley's friends are against his running for office, on the ground that he is too tenderhearted for politics, but Brinkley thinks it might not be a bad idea. "As a politician, Huntley would, I suspect, continue to do things that he believed in and thought were right—things that vast numbers of people disliked—and would persist in doing them in spite of all entreaties to the contrary," Brinkley said recently, with a broad grin. "So on that score I think he would be a pretty good politician. We could use a few guys like that. He might serve only one term, but it would be a good time while he was there." —WILLIAM WHITWORTH

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ITALO-AMERICAN MENU

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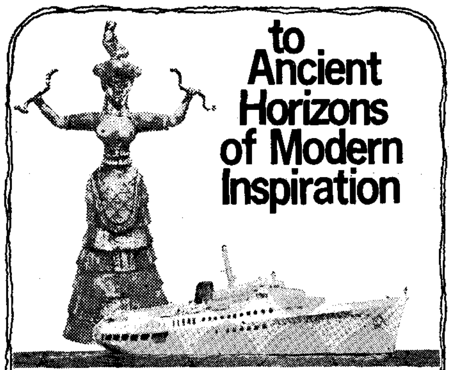
By calling them hippocampi;
If you would do the same to shrimp,
Add garlic, and they're scampi.
—O. N.



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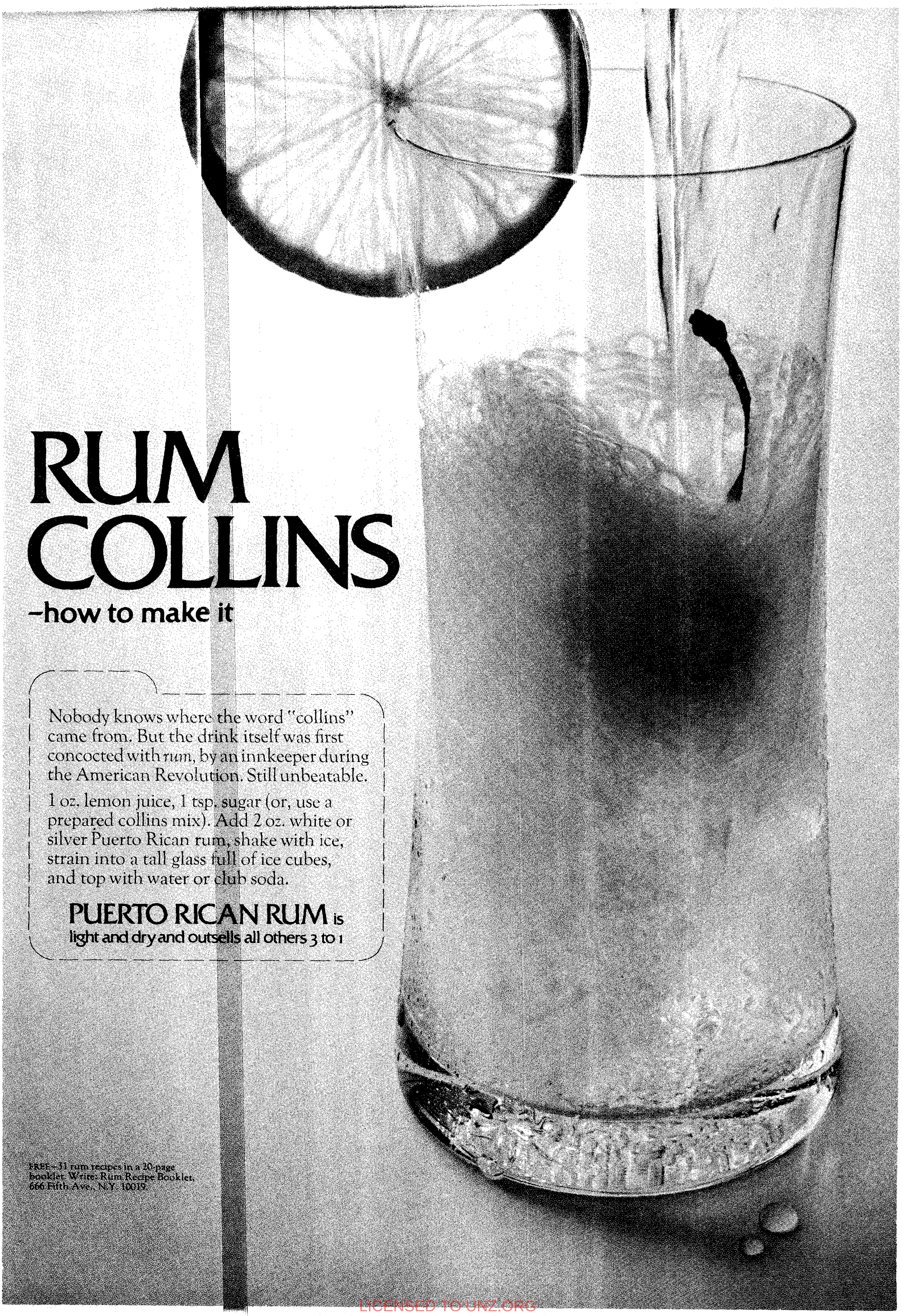

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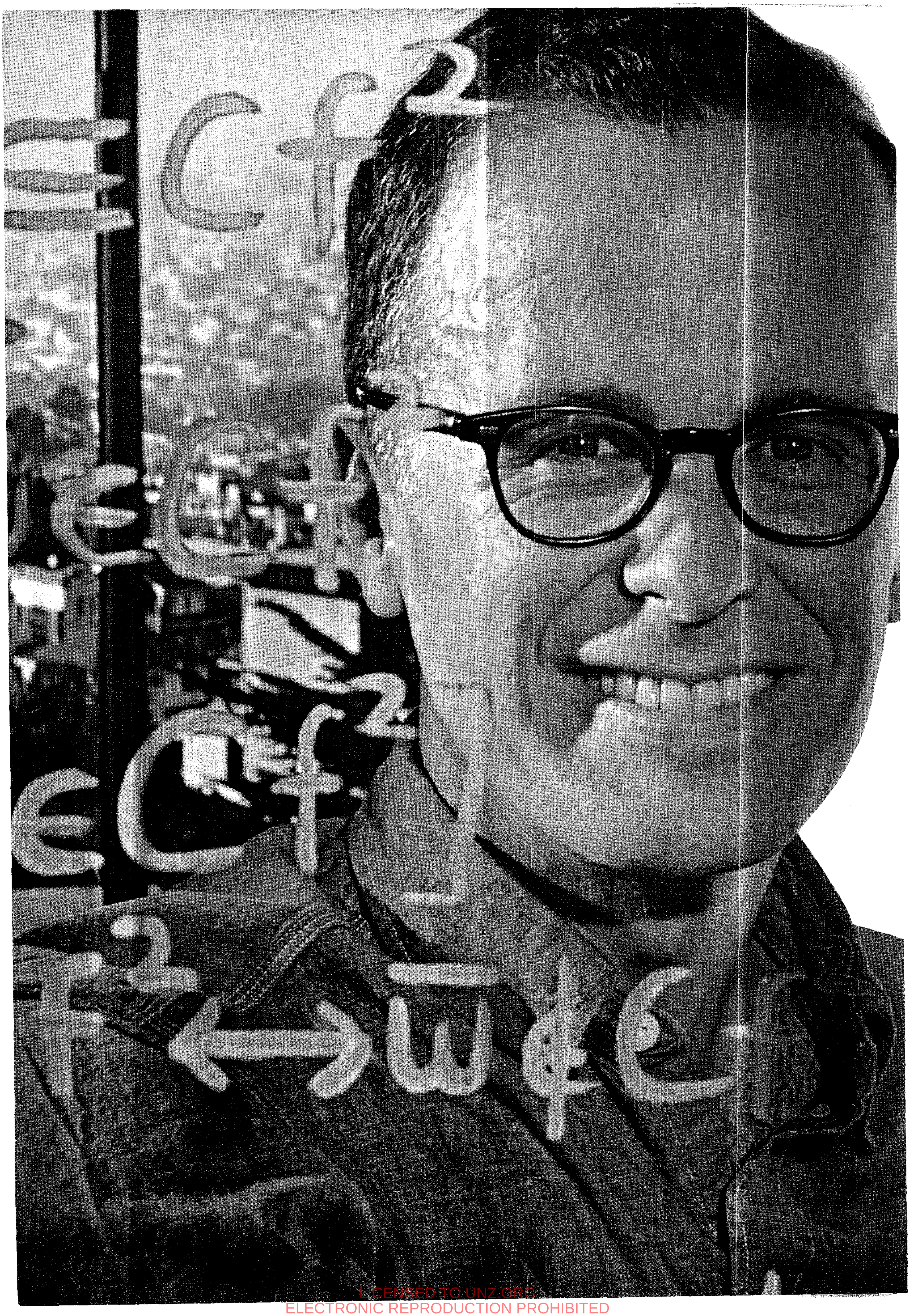
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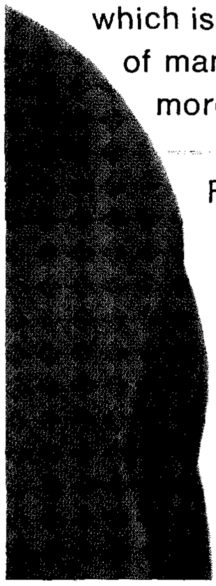

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THE THEATRE

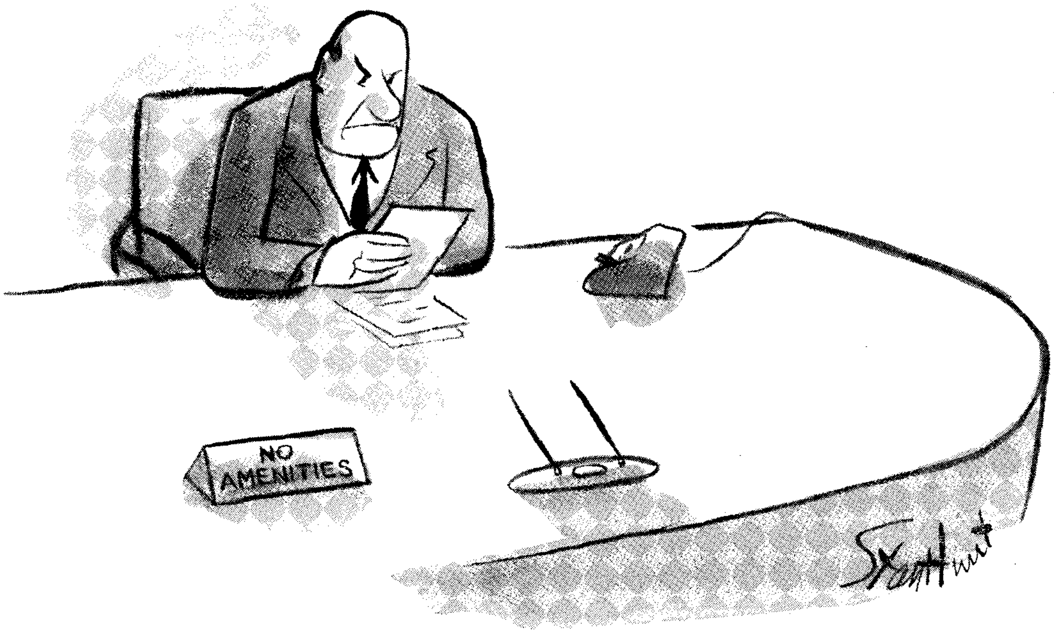
THE THEATRE

IN BALLYMORE

SINCE the national pastime of Ireland is talking, and the next best thing to talking is writing, and the closest thing to written talk is plays, the Irish for centuries now have been turning their avocation into a vocation, breeding playwrights as profusely and unself-consciously as the Swiss breed bankers. From Goldsmith to Behan, most of these playwrights have chosen to work a comic vein; the latest addition to their number, Brian Friel, is no exception. He seems to find it the easiest trick in the world to make an audience laugh; he can even make an audience chuckle—a diminished physical response that, because it implies acquiescence, is not apt to be provoked by the calculated repulsiveness of our fashionable black comedies and has therefore become of late almost as rare in this country as the ivory-billed woodpecker. If Mr. Friel sometimes has occasion to be sad, he manages to sound cheerfully sad. He is not angry at the world, or at himself, or at the rest of us. His plays, like his short stories, are modest, gentle, and winning; they take us by the hand instead of by the throat, and they lead us a little way along a path that is plainly in a garden—a garden, moreover, that will always remain the orderly, encompassable thing it appears to be and will not suddenly transform itself, like so many playwrights' gardens on this side of the water, into a trackless, soul- and body-destroying jungle.

Mr. Friel's latest play, at the Vivian Beaumont, is called "Lovers," and it is no doubt churlish of me to complain, after passing a couple of exceptionally pleasant hours in the theatre, that the play errs in being just a trifle *too* modest, gentle, and winning. The author invites us to assume that death can be a form of kindness, and that life, though neither kind nor especially valuable, is worth bearing; these assumptions require a certain astringency in the utterance. Mr. Friel is practiced enough in his craft to take bigger chances than he has taken; there may be no snakes in the real Ireland, but a venomous lizard or two would have added a welcome note of risk to Mr. Friel's imaginary one. "Lovers" is billed as a play in two parts; in fact, it is two one-act plays that have nothing in common except that both are laid in the smug, small town of Ballymore. The first of the plays, entitled "Winners," is about a boy and girl who, as they approach their wedding day, die before being obliged to taste the innumerable nagging defilements of adult life. I would have expected this sentimental conceit to irritate me, but Mr. Friel carries it off so ingratiatingly that I forgave him at once the two defects of the play: the immense debt owed to Thornton Wilder, whose Grover's Corners is surely *ur*-Ballymore, and the fact that the lovers' death by drowning is as arbitrary and inexplicable—and therefore as unsatisfactory artistically—as if they had happened to be run down by a passing lorry. The second play, entitled "Losers," concerns the belated courtship and marriage of a woman who has reluctantly sacrificed her youth to the tyranny of a bedridden, pietistical hag of a mother. The woman and her middle-aged admirer outwit the mother and are then outwitted by her; they become losers by remaining alive, as the boy and girl become winners by dying. "Winners" is touchingly elegiacal, "Losers" a robust, knockabout farce, and each gains much by its contiguity and unlikeness to the other.

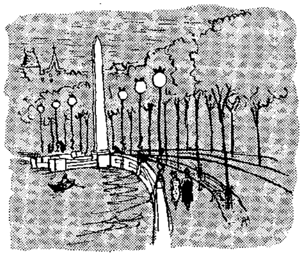
Art Carney is superb as the laconic narrator of the first play and as the middle-aged admirer in the second. He is an actor of grave delicacy and force, and his lovemaking and drunk scenes in "Losers" are so funny that on opening night the audience saluted them with shouts and prolonged applause, for all the world as if he were an opera singer completing a difficult aria—which, in a way, he was. (Who but he could sing a drunk scene so freshly at this late date?) Several members of the cast are playing here the roles they created in the original Dublin Gate Theatre production of the play; Anna Manahan makes a bitter and passionate figure of the woman marrying too late in "Losers," and Fionnuala Flanagan and Eamon Morrisey are charming as the doomed young lovers. The play has been directed with shrewdly calculated gusto by Hilton Edwards, the co-founder, with Micheál Mac Liammóir, of the celebrated Gate. The scenery is by William Ritman, and although it follows a hint from Mr. Friel, it struck me as ideally unsuitable—the grassy hilltop on which the lovers meet in "Winners" is a harsh arrangement of stained planks hammered together, and the parlor, bedroom, and back yard of "Losers" are simply a larger arrangement of planks, looking fitter to serve as the setting for a bloody Greek tragedy than for Mr. Friel's broad comedy. There must be more good lumber going to waste on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre these days than in all Dublin. —BRENDAN GILL



LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 24

TWO splendid retrospective art shows in honor of two great masters have just opened here on opposite sides of the Thames—the brand-new Hayward Gallery's exhibition of Henri Matisse, and the Tate's huge birthday tribute to Henry Moore, who will be seventy on the thirtieth of this month. The eagerly awaited Matisse show in the Arts Council's fine new gallery on the South Bank was a double event of excitement and interest. The Hayward, which the Queen opened the other day, now completes the Greater London Council's adventurous project of establishing a cultural center on the unfashionable side of the river between the Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges, a site once occupied by a clutter of wharves and a brewery. It has just been announced that work on the long-promised National Theatre will at last begin next spring on a site further downstream, where it will eventually be joined by a new opera house. Now that the first part of the project, which is the work of the G.L.C.'s chief architect, Hubert Bennett, and his team, is finished and doing business, Londoners may perhaps change their minds about it. Though music lovers have been enthusiastic South Bank devotees from the start, most people have seemed to find their new civic possession rather ugly. The Royal Festival Hall, the first building of the complex to go up, was opened in a hurry to be ready for the 1951 Festival of Britain, and the public and the daily press said rudely that it looked like an airplane hangar. They have since got used to it, but the new groups of the complementary smaller concert halls—the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room, which were opened last year and adjoin the art gallery—have provided a fresh shock by being in such dramatic contrast. Beside the Festival Hall, which may be no beauty by day but at night is transformed into a luminous transparency, beaming light hospitably through its great areas of glass, the buildings look like massive and, indeed, somewhat daunting concrete forts, turned secretively inward, without visible fenestration. The Hayward Gallery—named after the last leader of the then London County Council, Sir Isaac Hayward—is topped with a strange little collection of clustered glass pyramids, which suggest Saracen warriors' helmets but are actually the outer camouflage of a complicated filtering system to exclude the rays of the sun from the delicate, vulnerable canvases in the upper rooms. What the gallery seems to have done for the whole South Bank grouping, which is normally empty until the evening concert audiences turn up, is to bring it to life by day. The young people in their bright clothes tramping along its ramps toward the exhibition and stepping out later onto the open-air decks (designed for sculpture) to admire the stunning views of the river and the city are the unconscious vivifiers of the cold architectural scheme without and within.



The gallery's opening show, on view until September 8th, seemed like a dazzling patch of fine weather breaking out in the middle of a summer disappointingly short of sun and disastrously lavish with floods and tempests. It is the first Matisse retrospective that Londoners have seen—a hundred and thirty-eight works, ranging from the early, academic still-lifes of 1890 to the astonishing cutout-paper-and-gouache arrangements of his old age. The Soviet Union sent several from its store, including the marvellous bright-pink-and-green "Nymph and Satyr" and the 1913 portrait of Mme. Matisse sitting sloe-eyed in a chic little hat. There are many of the Vence Chapel designs, and the first discarded version of the gigantic mural of terpsichorean nudes commissioned by Dr. Barnes for his foundation. M. Jean Matisse sent the self-portrait of his father, in trimly bearded middle age and an ochre suit, sitting absorbedly painting from a palette loaded with luscious watermelon pinks in front of a bedroom washstand; he could pursue his life's happiness anywhere. It was a glorious gala opening for the new gallery.

At the Tate's vast showing of Henry Moore, there is a turfed enclosure, reached by a wooden staircase leading down from one of the galleries, where seven of the largest sculptures can be better appraised under the sky. Since the opening day was showery, visitors descending to the lawn were thoughtfully provided with harlequin-striped golfing umbrellas. Many would have preferred a catalogue, the supply of which had inexplicably dried up by midafternoon. The exhibition indoors fills four rooms and is like a walk through a life that found nourishment everywhere, particularly in nature and in the bodies of women—the familiar giantess forms, in bronze or elmwood or pitted plaster, seated in classical serenity or reclining without sexual invitation but with the heavy, planted weight of rocks or fallen trees. Maternity has also been an obsessive Moore theme since his Royal College of Art days. In the early works, it appears as recognizable mothers and infants. Later, as in the 1967 group carved in snowy rose-veined marble, there is simply the suggestion of two rounded surfaces curved tenderly toward and around each other. The cases containing his tiny bronze female figures seemed even more exciting in their endless invention than the great, heroic works. One case contains some of the found objects, such as pebbles, shells, and bits of bone (part of his garden in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, was the site of an ancient butcher's shop and obligingly turned up a quantity of fragments), which are often the sparking points for the miniature sketch models that Moore makes to ponder over before he begins their monumental versions. Among the drawings, which include the wonderful wartime series of sleeping Londoners laid out in rows of Lazarus-like swaddled figures in the catacombs of the Underground stations, there is one of the strong, craggy features of the artist's mother, wife of a Yorkshire coal miner, whose seventh child he was. The Tate's impressive tribute to England's most famous artist will be open until September 22nd.

ONE of the smash theatrical hits of the season, wonder of wonders, is the dramatized version of that undoubtedly special work of eccentric brilliance "Hadrian the Seventh," by the extraordinary character whose full name was Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, self-styled Father Rolfe (though he never took orders), or sometimes Baron Corvo (he claimed that he had been given the title, along with a small estate, by an elderly noblewoman of the Sforza-Cesarini family who had befriended him at one time, as so many temporarily fascinated people did throughout his life). Frederick Rolfe was born in 1860 of a London piano manufacturer. Starting as a schoolmaster at the age of twenty-six, he embraced the Catholic faith with passion, and began to study for the priesthood. But his superiors, alarmed by his caustic, reckless tongue and his lordly habit of scattering money

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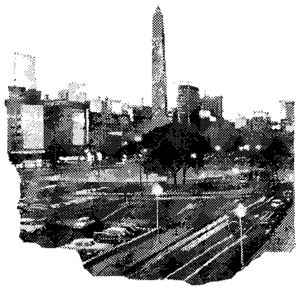

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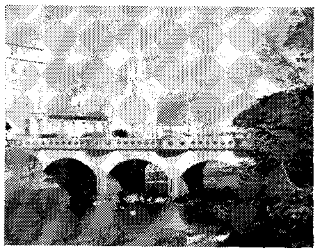

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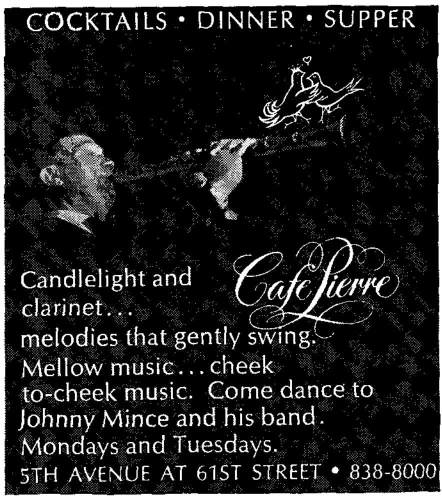

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he did not possess, ruled that he had no vocation. This bitter disappointment resulted in his fierce, lifelong hatred of Catholics, who were united, he was convinced, to persecute and destroy him. In spite of fantastic gifts, he existed mostly in squalid poverty, with patches of financial calm to which long-suffering friends dragged him and were later savagely mauled for their trouble. He was a self-taught medieval scholar, a painter of rather remarkable religious compositions, a gifted musician, and an inventor who never found any financial backing for his ideas. He began to write seriously only in middle age. His semi-autobiographical masterpiece, "Hadrian," published in 1904, made him no money, and when he died a few years later, in Venice, he was still floundering between starvation and the favor of patrons. Now the splendid compensating fantasy—the precursor of Firbank and Waugh—in which the Church's spurned recruit becomes the first English pope since the twelfth-century Nicholas Breakspear, has been a sellout ever since it opened in the adventurous Mermaid Theatre, down on the river at Puddle Dock. In his ingenious dramatic adaptation, Peter Luke calls the protagonist Rolfe right out, not George Rose, as he was thinly fictionalized in the book. The preposterous whisking away of the writer from his lodging-house garret to the Vatican is presented as a dream, from which he wakens to find the bailiff's men removing all his meagre possessions, including the completed manuscript of "Hadrian the Seventh." Alec McCowen is magnificent as the shabby, virulent Rolfe, glaring through his spectacles at the scarlet-robed visitors from the Holy Church who seek him out in his attic to proffer such singular atonement, and then as the cool new incumbent of the Throne of Peter, smoking surreptitious cigarettes, winning over the Sacred College of Cardinals to his reforms, and scoring off the enemies who turn up from his impoverished past. It is his superb performance that has drawn the town and caused the new interest in Rolfe's writings which that strange being once prophesied for himself after his death.

S
P
Judith Shahn

THE political situation here is unsatisfactory to all. The Government has just won a by-election in the Welsh mining district of Caerphilly, where deep, rich seams of Labour loyalty have always been counted upon. This time, it won by only a narrow scrape, its big majority having been sensationally whittled away by the candidate for Plaid Cymru, the Welsh Nationalist Party, which sturdily wants self-government for little Wales, with Commonwealth status and an independent economic policy. Improbable as this vision appears in more hard-headed English opinion, there is no doubt that the Party is making headway in the coal valleys, where the closing down of pits has caused many Welshmen to feel bitter and forgotten by Labour ministers in London. The successful Labour man was reported as saying that the result showed that "the extremely dangerous trend" of nationalism in Wales had been stemmed, which seemed excessively optimistic, since his opponent had raised the Plaid Cymru vote from a mere handful in the general election to only two thousand short of winning. It is a symptom of the current political dissatisfactions here that nationalism has attracted growing support both in Wales and in Scotland, where the Scottish Nationalist candidates in the local elections last May made hay with all the other political parties.

Before the Caerphilly result, it had seemed to cautious Labour supporters that maybe things were beginning to look up for them at last, what with the cheerful improvement in the trade figures and the Conservatives having their noisy public differences of opinion over the racial issue. The move to get rid of the Prime Minister, led by the booming voice of the *Times*, which has long been gunning for him, had also collapsed rather suddenly after it became clear that Mr. Wilson was not listening. Now this latest Celtic message to the Government has made it even clearer that, as across the Channel, though in the more muted local style, there is an increasing sense of alienation between the people and the men in the national government, or even in the town halls. The political climate is expected to continue unsettled, like the real weather.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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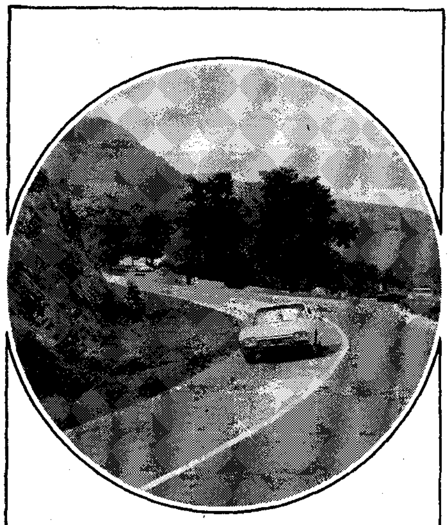

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MUSICAL EVENTS

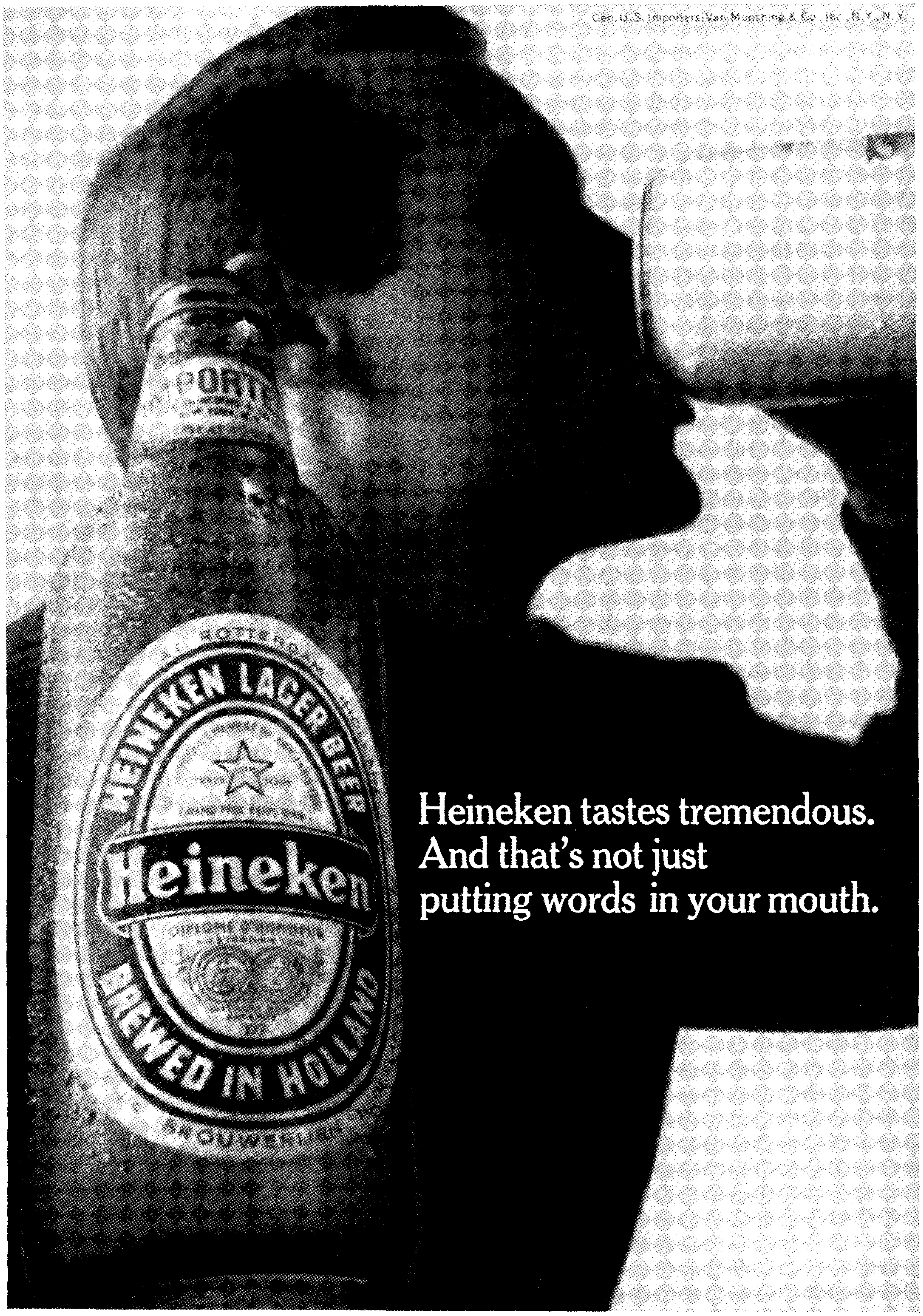
Jazz Concerts

THE most recent of the already invaluable New York Hot Jazz Society Sunday-evening musicales, given not long ago at the Half Note, offered Bobby Hackett, the faultless cornettist; Vic Dickenson, who, the last of the classic jazz trombonists, has been buried for five years in a second-rate band called the Saints and Sinners; and the rare chance of hearing Hackett and Dickenson together. (They form a venerable mutual-admiration society, and in off times they get together for private duets in which Hackett plays silvery guitar and Dickenson, a reportedly gifted admirer of the old crooner Orlando Robertson, sings.) No two styles are more different or more complementary. Hackett is trim, precise, and close to the wind, whereas Dickenson is loose and lazy and leggy. Dickenson lopes and Hackett trots. Dickenson sends up smoke and steam and impressionism, while Hackett gives eloquent synopses. They even looked perfect foils at the Half Note, with Dickenson in a short-sleeved sports shirt and baggy pants and Hackett, his hair parted like the hood of a 1938 Ford, in a dark suit and tie.

Economics have forced Dickenson, in the last twenty years, to mess with Dixieland, but he is the last-blooming member of the great swing triumvirate of Teagarden, Wells, and Dickenson. His style, too, has caused confusion. He has long been regarded, because of the slurs and growls and roars he affects, as a comedian, as Pee Wee Russell's counterpart. But honest eccentricity, more than being just funny, is a dodge, a coverup. Art Tatum hid his emotions in scrolls of sound, and Dickenson, a tall, modest man with a long, drawling face, conceals his considerable feelings under a marvellous array of aural bustles and hoops and wigs. Tatum refused to let anyone think he took the blues seriously, and Dickenson plays them as if they were the funniest form of music. Alternately duck-walking and strutting, he uses unbelievably deep smears, rude raspberry smears, looping legato figures, and bored-sounding growls. But when his solo is finished, one realizes that he has not been ridiculing the blues but has been camouflaging them out of a simple concern for their beauty and safety. Like the Lavender Hill mob, he takes his gold out of the country in Eiffel Towers. Dickenson is less roundabout with conventional medium-tempo materials, and it is clear then that he is a highly skilled rhythmic improviser. His most ambitious phrases, surrounded by legato swoonings and lollings, are crowded with daringly emphasized notes—a soft note, a sudden loud note, two or three soft notes, two loud notes. These shadings are impossible to predict and are always perfectly placed. His slow ballads are entirely different again, for, delivered like immense yawns, they are masterly parodies. Under all the plumage, Dickenson is an excellent trombonist. (To be sure, he has his mannerisms—the marching, annunciatory phrases, the nasal tremolos, the swaggering smears—and on weak days he rides them.) He employs a soft, respectful tone and a functional vibrato, he rarely fluffs a note, and he has a way of fitting with everyone from Ben Webster to Pee Wee Russell. He will be sixty-two next week, but his playing is even more assured and subtle than it was when he was coming up through the bands of Claude Hopkins and Benny Carter and Count Basie and Eddie Heywood. By playing the superb clown, he has unwittingly made the trombonists who have come after him—from the glassy J. J. Johnsons to the manic Roswell Rudds—seem real clowns.

Dickenson had more than enough to contend with the other evening. The materials—"Tin Roof Blues," "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," "Sunday," "The Saints"—were generally flatulent, and poor microphone placement often extinguished him. Moreover, Jimmy Crawford, on drums, was stupefying; his solos were clogged, he played too loud, and he came down in obliterating cloudbursts on the last four bars of every bridge and chorus. For all that, Dickenson played beautifully in "Basin Street Blues" and "Sweet Georgia Brown," and he and Hackett handled the ensembles like Alphonse and Gaston. The rest of the band—Al Lucas was on bass, Dick Wellstood on piano, and Bob Wilbur on clarinet and soprano saxophone—was more than adequate. In fact, Wilbur took a couple of choruses on his soprano in "Basin Street" that nearly stole the evening.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT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THE CURRENT CINEMA

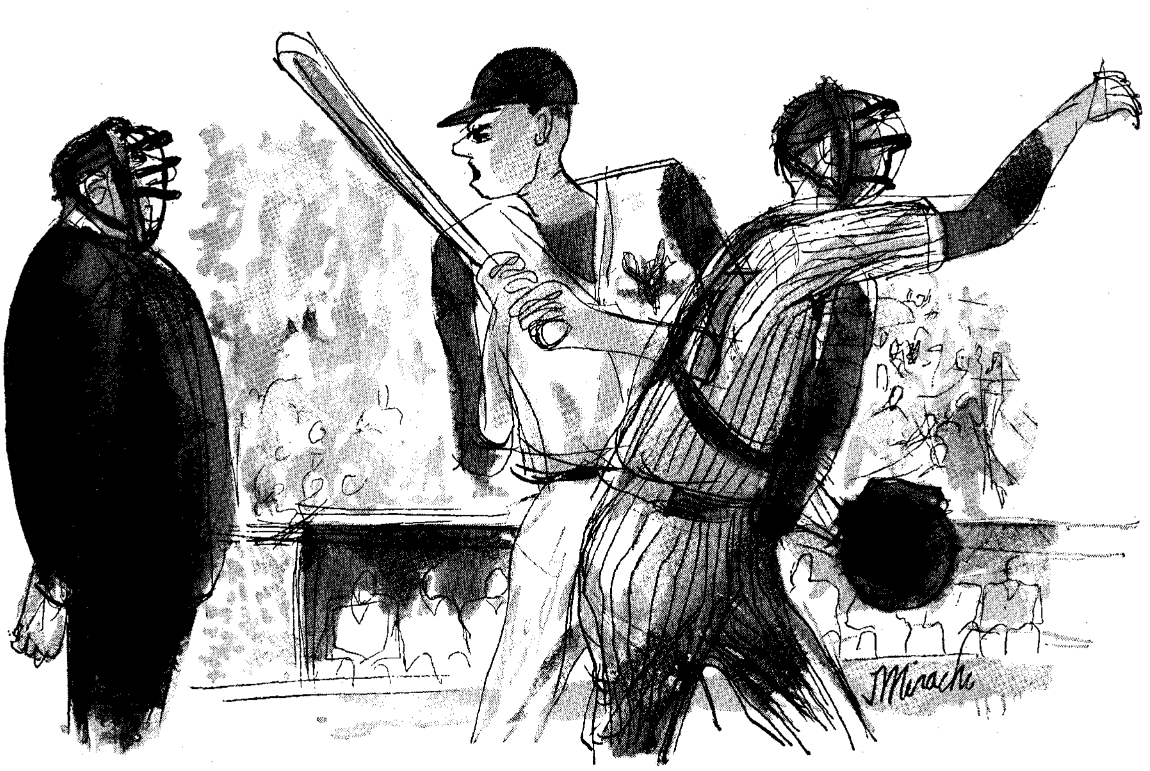
Eye for Affliction

BLIMEY. The second consecutive week of fishing for bits of Alan Arkin in a lake of bilge. The film of Carson McCullers' "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" has a few good small things hidden in its murk, but they certainly are hidden, and very small. One of the smallest is Miss McCullers' book, which is present in the movie only as some shining minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus that had gulped it down alive with a gallon of pool water. Sometimes the picture's drowsing hulk will have a spasm of uncharacteristic alertness, or even go purposefully for a little walk, as if the swallowed fish had irritated the hippo's intestinal tract. There are one or two moments when the consumed life actually moves the beast to an eerie bout of borrowed poetic energy, so that it suddenly becomes possible to infer the nature of the book that must be washing around inside. And, as I said, there is Alan Arkin, who plays Miss McCullers' deaf-mute hero with a respect for his stoic ethic which gives weight to what is happening on the screen. But . . . but . . .

Arkin's reading of the character gets close to the core of everything that Carson McCullers' books are about. She wrote this novel at twenty-three. Then and for the rest of her life she extended to the afflicted, the solitary, and the ill-equipped an attentiveness that transformed them. Her characters aren't hermetic freaks. She sees them simply as people who have created themselves with more difficulty and less aid than most. Her deaf-mute nobly seems the author of himself. This is the way Arkin plays him. The speechless Mr. Singer—his name perhaps suggests some other faculty out of one's earshot—is a strong and singular man. His implied intelligence is prodigious. If only the thick screenplay had known what to keep of Miss McCullers' sense of him. In the book, for instance, but not in the film, it is made clear that Mr. Singer could once speak, and that his use of sign language was elected. Being deaf, he was afraid that the noises he made might be inhuman and repulsive. He preferred a way of communication that he could control. The choice expressed a fastidiousness central to his temperament. By some feat of technique and insight, Arkin catches the quality without the support of the information. His sign talk—particularly to his drooling, food-obsessed deaf-mute friend, and to another mute, who is a Negro in need of doctoring—begins to have a style that is as peculiar to him as the tone of a voice would be. It seems level, swift, and low-pitched. In one of the film's very few flashes of watchfulness, when it is visited with the grace to quit knocking us over the head with shock cuts and soupy plot underlining, the tormented man walks along a neon-lit street alone at night and we see that he is talking to himself on his fingers. In spite of the wooden film, Arkin takes us into a world.

In the presence of his unruly boon companion, who is to die of a kidney disease from overeating, the Arkin character goes through a chain of feelings much like the progress of some misbalanced love affair. The alliance that has always given him conviviality and ease, lit by him with limitless tenderness and taking fire in schoolboy larks, begins to cause him distaste and anguish as his friend regresses into a state of pre-moral greed, which murders friendship before it kills the bloated physique. With a fourteen-year-old girl (Sondra Locke) whose hard-pressed parents take him in as a lodger, his patience with her experimental music-loving and flirting develops into a kind of love already braced for loss. In the company of anyone at all—even his fat crony—Singer sustains a reserve that seems to have as much to do with his character as with his affliction. You feel that what he thinks of the people in the story and their behavior would be just as firm, and just as tacit, if he could hear and speak. Arkin's reactions are subtly abnormal in their timing—he makes his expressions hang on his face a little out of synchronization with what hearing leads us to expect—and onlookers in the film are sometimes jarred, especially the girl, whose crush on him runs out of gentleness in a few weeks. The performance makes Singer seem a man not unaware of his effect, however little he can do about it. He conceals resources of judgment and opinion, and it is this that raises his eventual suicide from a calamity into a tragedy. None of the other misfortunes in the narrative have the same substance. Under Robert Ellis Miller's direction, the train of catastrophes becomes piled on and faintly ludicrous.

A Hollywood setup is the last one capable



"Strike! That's just the kind of call you'd expect from a guy over thirty."

of filming Carson McCullers. It deals with her almost less well than with Tennessee Williams, and for the same reasons. The dreary old discipline under which the film was made is ruled by an ingrained squareness—which I take to be a brutish insistence on the current majority notion of normality—that turns her people into exhibits to gape at. I wondered for a while if this was bound to happen in films. Where books are able to turn human idiosyncrasy into a recognizable metaphor for what is out of step in everyone, cinema can sometimes seem doomed to make it too emphatic and concrete to be less than weird. But I don't actually believe that this is true. There *are* films—Tod Browning's "Freaks" itself, for instance—that achieve the density and the charity of literature in depicting the odd. In England, twelve years ago, Lorenza Mazzetti and Denis Horne made an experimental film, "Together," about two deaf-mutes, that did as much. It isn't such a difficult act of the imagination, really. It is beyond only Hollywood. In everyday behavior, half an hour in the company of an abnormal person is enough to teach anyone responses more interesting and less shocked than the minimally intelligent movie of Carson McCullers' great book can muster. "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is a true Movie movie: insulated, nerveless, copper-bottomed dumb. This is Hollywood's present substitute for Bette Davis, Hollywood searching after the old box-office kicks of melodrama under the guise of its deadly new "literacy," Hollywood in its self-styled Age of Enlightenment still blithely leaning on a sound track of truly comic conventionalism, which arranges bits of Mozart as if for a nineteen-forties dance band and leads you by the nose to feel the things that the scenes onscreen have already indicated all too clearly. "This is pathetic," says the score of the film. Or "This is ironic," says a screeching cut from a sad scene to a fun fair. Or "This is cute," says perky music as the fourteen-year-old uses two pairs of socks as falsies to fill out a party dress. Or "This is white bigotry, and we want you to know that Beverly Hills *disagrees*," says a cosmic cackle of world-weariness on the sound track after a scene in which a Negro doctor has been patronized by a small-time white bureaucrat. Well, it doesn't work any longer. Audiences aren't that ready to knuckle under to Hollywood's stiffening officiousness and its new forms of social piety, which are much worse

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than the old scenes of Shirley Temple bringing Mommy and Daddy together again. I don't believe that there are many filmgoers left who can be so coaxed into yielding up their own judgment—not after all these years of television interviews and newsreels, which have trained us to make choices about what part of the screen to look at and what to think, without the burdensome company of lifeless techniques that behave like bored tourist guides pointing out that the Statue of Liberty is the Statue of Liberty. Along with many, many other institutions in America, commercial filmmaking has no idea how distressingly it miscalculates the mind of the country. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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NOTES FROM THE GROVES OF ACADEME

[*From the Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors*]

III. THE INCIDENT OF MARCH 19, 1963

Prior to the formal call to order of the meeting of the Research and Computer Committee, there appears to have been some discussion of the academic degrees which, desirably, should be held by the Director of a contemplated Research Bureau in the Division. Apparently Professor Metzger advocated either a Ph.D. in Economics or a doctorate in Business Administration. Professor Metzger does not hold a doctor's degree; Professor Gregory has a doctorate in Education. These facts gave emotional coloring to the discussion but their force is not clear from the available evidence. In any event, the discussion of the same topic continued in the official session and at one point Professor Metzger walked around a table to show a college catalogue to Professor Gregory.

Gregory said to Metzger "stop this blah;" he may have said "stop this blah, blah, blah." Gregory then said to Metzger "sit down." Gregory alleges that Metzger replied "I'll knock you down." Metzger contends he said "I'll not sit down." Gregory said "hit me." Gregory stood up. The bodies of the two men were in contact with some degree of pressure at some point or points, but the situation is not clear because of contradictions, the differences of physical point of view of the witnesses, the difference of about five inches in the height of the principals (Metzger about five, ten—Gregory about six, three), and uncertainty as to whether the pressures exerted were intentional or caused by a crowded disposition of table and chairs in the area involved. A bow of Professor Gregory's glasses either was merely separated from the main frame or was separated and then also broken; the glasses became involved because Gregory took them off about the time he said "hit me," as a precaution, or as a challenge, or for some other reason. They then fell off a table where they had been put, or Professor Metzger accidentally or on purpose knocked them off the table. The testimony embodies some contradictions which are perhaps unresolvable.

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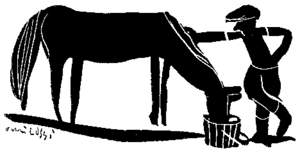

THIS department is pleased to report that Dark Mirage won the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park last Saturday. It was her ninth successive victory—her eighth in a stakes race—and it was the hardest-earned. My on-the-scene observer (I was at Aqueduct for the last of the racing there until the twenty-sixth) submits that the gallant little dark lady didn't seem to have the tremendous surge of power that marked her earlier efforts. In fact, the hopes of her stable and her admirers hung in the balance almost to the end of the mile and a furlong. Though she beat Sale Day, a nimble runner to whom she gave seven pounds, by a couple of lengths, she was under pressure to do it. Singing Rain was third, eight lengths behind, and Inge, the other starter, was down the course. There was no betting on the race. Had there been, Dark Mirage would have been backed almost to the exclusion of the other three-year-old fillies, creating a minus pool that would have cost the management a lovely dollar. So the Oaks was just another "exhibition race."

IN a display of unbridled extravagance, the bidding for yearlings skyrocketed at the Keeneland Sales in Lexington, Kentucky, last week. The climax was reached when W. P. Rosso, who owns a chain of open-air supermarkets in Virginia, gave $405,000 for a chestnut filly (by Sea-Bird out of Libra) who is a half sister to Ribocco and Ribero, winners of the Irish Sweeps Derby. The next-highest bidder for her was Charles Engelhard, an international financier, in whose colors both colts raced. He went to $400,000. At this vendue two years ago, Dark Mirage sold for $6,000. Last week, Mr. Engelhard bought her half sister for $100,000, which evens things up a bit for Duval Headley, who bred and sold both fillies. The highest price for a colt at the sale was $280,000, paid by Mrs. Ada L. Martin for a son of Fleet Nasrullah and Sequence. Other six-figure purchases were $200,000, paid by James Cox Brady for a colt by Ribot out of Bank Account; $150,000, paid by Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford for a colt by Bold Ruler out of Dandy Princess; $150,000, paid by Rogers Red Top, Inc., for a colt by T.V. Lark out of Ruwenzori (this yearling is a full brother to Pink Pigeon, a current star in California); $102,000, paid by Mr. Rosso for a colt by Sea-Bird out of Parlo; and $100,000, paid by Raymond Guest for a filly (a half sister to his Sir Ivor) by Spy Song out of Attica. Altogether, it was an extraordinary sale, the two hundred and forty-eight yearlings bringing $7,606,500.

To get back to the $405,000 filly, horsemen who saw her say that she's small and well made but hardly what one would expect for such a price. Although her owner came into racing only a year ago (he campaigns a small stable of selling-platers trained by R. J. Durso), this venture dates back to the afternoon in 1965 when he saw Sea-Bird win the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp from some of the top horses in Europe. Then and there, Mr. Rosso made up his mind to own some of Sea-Bird's get, and now he does. In addition to the filly and the colt out of Parlo, he bought a colt by Sea-Bird out of Fortunate Isle, for $65,000, and a colt by Sea-Bird out of Breeze-A-Lea, for $30,000. The four cost $602,000.

AT Monmouth last weekend, Reviewer, a full brother to Queen of the Stage, won the Sapling Stakes in such style that he must be considered top of the list. Ten two-year-olds went to the post, and Prevailing, winner of the Great American, went off like greased lightning, stepping the first quarter in 0:21 4/5 and the half mile in 0:44 4/5, after which Reviewer, fifth in the stretch, went into high gear. Night Invader was second and Al Hattab third. Incidentally, Reviewer, who is owned by Ogden Phipps and is unbeaten in his three starts, completed a double for Ed Neloy, his trainer. A week before, Big Advance, whom he also trains, won the Sorority Stakes for fillies.

MORE SCENTS, who led all the way in the Tidal Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, wound up the long session on Long Island. Now they're off and running at Saratoga. If you care, Dr. Fager may go for the Whitney Stakes there this weekend. What, no Damascus?

—AUDAX MINOR

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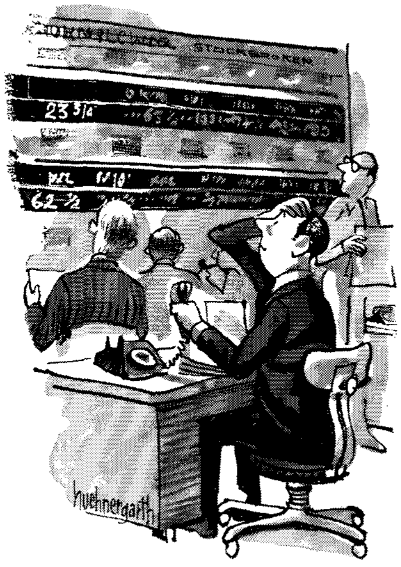

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White Light in August

THOUGH cruel limited wars persist, there has been no global showdown since the end of the Second World War. This has meant twenty-three years of at least relative peace as compared to the twenty-one years from 1918 to September, 1939. There has, over the last two decades, been no lack of crises. Korea, the American presence in Turkey and the eastern Mediterranean, the Berlin blockade, Cuba, Israel, Vietnam—each offered a classic instance of a *casus belli* to the major powers. Yet war on a total scale was avoided, and the wars that have taken place have been controlled in respect of both military means and geographical extension. It is doubtful whether human ferocity and self-deception through political myths have diminished. Civilization very probably owes its precarious, often uncomely survival to the existence of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons and to the possession of those weapons by more than one nation. The actual use of two atomic bombs on Japan in 1945 and the testing of a thermonuclear device on the Bikini atoll in 1954 have introduced a new factor of partial incalculability into international politics. They have put in reach of possibility a degree of material ruin and of conceivable, though not fully understood, social disintegration that have so far been unacceptable to highly urbanized, technologically structured nations. There is a deeply ironic logic—a kind of logic familiar both to Greek mythology and to modern medicine—in the fact that the same device should at once threaten the end of civilization as we know it and underwrite its survival. This ambivalent presence of the atomic bomb in our communal affairs and individual sensibilities is the main consequence of what happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in that remote August.

In those two cities, the consequences have been more drastic and more specialized. Therein lies the singularity of the two Japanese communities, but also their symbolic link with a number of other cities in history and with the role such cities have played in man's consciousness of his own vulnerable condition—with Sodom and Gomorrah, visited by such fiery ruin that their very location is in doubt; with Nineveh, raked from the earth; with Rotterdam and Coventry; with Dresden, where, in 1944, air raids deliberately kindled the largest, hottest pyre known to man. Already, in the "Iliad," the destruction of a city was felt to be an act of peculiar finality, a misfortune that threatens the roots of man. His city smashed, man reverts to the unhoused, wandering circumstance of the beast from which he has so uncertainly emerged. Hence the necessary presence of the gods when a city is built, the mysterious music and ceremony that often attend the elevation of its walls. When Jerusalem was laid waste, says the Haggada, God Himself wept with her.

With modern rationalism, the sacral, apocalyptic significance of the city diminished, but the industrial revolution brought on an urban poetic, a myth of the city no less powerful. The archipelago of gaslight or electric radiance midst the natural blackness of the rural landscape, the turbine-pulsing heart and its tentacular suburbs—these are the principal material and spiritual creations of the nineteenth century. In and through them, modernity found its characteristic note. Much of our secular symbolism of evil and human solitude, of the scandalous yet natural contrasts between wealth and poverty, derives from the industrial city, with its mystery of sewers, its ant-heap tenements, its glass palaces. By setting aside, in inspired waste, bits of urban terrain for parks, men have included in their cities the myth of a lost, pastoral utopia (zoos are a complex symbol of man's false companionship with the beasts after the Fall); with equally suggestive implication, slum areas are known as the jungle. Such was the intimacy of social and psychological identification between the city and national self-consciousness that the First World War, despite its novelty of scale and demographic expense, left all but a few minor urban units inviolate. Nothing marks the radicalization of formal warfare more plainly than the deliberate destruction of urban centers as it took place between the bombardment of Warsaw in 1939 and the partial obliteration of Nagasaki in 1945. It is these vandalisms that mark the true end of bourgeois humanism as it had evolved since the flowering of cities in the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

In this phenomenology of ruin, Hiroshima holds a special place. The name has passed into all languages as a shorthand expression for our altered sense of the political future. By a fine imaginative stroke, Robert Jay Lifton has entitled his study of Hiroshima "Death in Life" (Random House; ten dollars), thus exactly reversing the ghostly visitant in whom the Ancient Mariner recognizes the legacy of his crime against man and nature:

> Her lips were red, her looks were
>   free,
> Her locks were yellow as gold:
> Her skin was as white as leprosy,
> The Night-mare Life-in-Death
>   was she,
> Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Professor Lifton approaches his grim job with unusual qualifications: He is

a medically trained psychiatrist as well as a student of politics and social psychology. He has spent almost seven years in the Far East and knows enough Japanese to evaluate much of the material that he gathered from interviews of his own and from printed sources. During a stay in Japan from 1960 to 1962, Dr. Lifton talked, usually in repeated sessions about two hours in length, to survivors of the annihilation of Hiroshima. He sought to elicit their recollections of August 6, 1945, and an account of the fears, both private and public, that they harbored seventeen years after the event. Principally, Dr. Lifton tried to get his subjects to formulate in their own words in what way they feel themselves to be human beings set apart, men and women leprosied by an act of unnatural selection.

In Japanese, the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are known as *hibakusha*—a coined word suggesting "a little more than merely having encountered the bomb and a little less than having experienced definite injury from it." The indeterminate range of the word aptly conveys the complication, the elements partly verifiable and partly mythical, that constitute the legacy of the bomb. Confirming other investigations into this macabre but urgent topic, Dr. Lifton concludes that "systematic studies of the problem have so far revealed no higher incidence of abnormalities in survivors' offspring than in those of control populations." The effects of atomic irradiation on leukemia, other forms of cancer, and cataracts are unquestionable. But the more general fear of lasting genetic damage and inherited malformation is not consonant with available facts. Thus, it is mainly with the psychological consequences of the bomb and with the numerous psychosomatic symptoms registered by the *hibakusha* that this book deals.

Dr. Lifton finds that the central fact about the survivors is the incompleteness of their acceptance of life. The shadows of the dead, as they saw them lastingly incised on walls and pavements by the heat of the fire, are confounded with their own: "They feel compelled to virtually merge with those who died, not only with close family members but with a more anonymous group of 'the dead.'" Though *hibakusha* do not, as a group, tend to suicide, they persistently picture themselves as exchanging their lives for those of the dead. Indeed, suicide is irrelevant precisely because death, in a deep psychic sense, has happened already. This impression of a sudden, absolute shift from normal

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existence in the instant of the unearthly nuclear flash marks survivors more radically than do the betraying scars or splotches of new tissue that distinguish the burned. This violent translation out of life—out of the natural legitimacy of being alive—is something every *hibakusha* feels acutely but few are able to articulate. Witnesses concur in recalling the "uncanny stillness," the almost "complete silence" that fell on Hiroshima immediately after the blast. "How could I forget that quiet which descended over a city of three hundred thousand?" asked Sankichi Tōge, the best-known of atomic-bomb poets. That silence seems to carry over into the inability or unwillingness of Professor Lifton's informants to formulate the nature of their own altered identity. How is language to articulate an order of experience beyond reason, how is it to build a bridge, other than one of pale similes and lies, between those who passed through the death fires and those who merely imagine them? It is about social, physiological, professional aspects of their "after-lives" that the survivors have most to say.

Because burns produce a darkening of the skin, even those *hibakusha* who suffered few or no physical lesions imagine themselves to be "stained" and thus at a social disadvantage. They are convinced that they tire more easily than normal human beings, that they carry in their bodies malignities as yet undeclared. They convey these apprehensions to their employers, who in turn discriminate against them: "It can't be helped. From the company's viewpoint, it is only natural for them to wish to employ healthy people rather than those who might have the possibility of dying at any time." Marriage may prove difficult not only for those who have actual keloids on their bodies but for anyone who carries within his psyche a terrible experience incommunicable to an outsider. The fear that marriage might disseminate obscure atomic ills and produce retarded or crippled offspring continues to be widespread, moreover, despite medical evidence to the contrary. Thus, in important sexual, economic, and social ways, the survivor is a leper to others because he is first a leper to himself. Why did he not die when death on an inconceivable scale was everywhere around him? That is the nagging challenge. To survive was not merely a matter of luck, of the brick wall that did not crumble, of the head fortuitously turned the other way in the second of apocalypse. Those who survived had to be "selfish, self-centered, guided by instinct and not civilization." *Hibakusha* are, quite literally, human beings guilty of being alive.

Dr. Lifton shows how this strange guilt energizes and distorts political, economic, and familial life in post-atomic Hiroshima. He analyzes the uses made of Hiroshima and its relics by the Japanese peace movements and by opponents of nuclear testing who come in pilgrimage from far and wide. He examines the ambiguous dynamism of the city's architectural and commercial renaissance. The survivors are caught up in an obvious dilemma. They cannot allow their fellow-countrymen or the world to forget the bomb; such forgetting would be a further and irreparable outrage to the spirits of the dead. On the other hand, they despise anyone, including themselves, who profits from the bomb, who turns the inheritance of hell to partisan or monetary advantage. Be he novelist or trinket hawker, physician or house painter, the *hibakusha* is a remembrancer for the dead, but he is also an ordinary human animal of more or less ingenuity and greed. Allied to strains of hysteria and self-dramatization inherent in Japanese culture, these ambiguities of survival make for an explosive, at moments comic style. "I am the only A-bomb writer," declared a woman novelist interviewed by Lifton. "Who else could you find?" There is about Hiroshima more than a touch of Lourdes.

"Death in Life" is a lucid, authoritative work. The charges of moral indifference that have been brought against it are vulgar nonsense. The necessary quietness of Professor Lifton's tone does not conceal either his political awareness or a constant undercurrent of personal shock. Yet this book is, in certain respects, a disappointment. If one excepts such occasional barbarisms as "counterfeit nurturance," the text is commendably free from current psycho-sociological jargon, but it is far too long, and it shares with much of American sociology the cheerful conviction that a thing said three times is even better than a thing said twice. More important is the fact that there is in all this mass of testimony and careful evaluation so little that is at all unexpected, that arrests the mind with a sense of original perception. We learn that *hibakusha* have reacted as diversely to their postwar lives as have most other human beings. Some have made of their infernal memories a motive for maladjustment and professional setback; others have used their experience of nuclear horror as a stimulus. In the large majority of survivors, an initial hatred of America and exultant belief that Japan would retaliate faded quite rapidly to a diffuse feeling of victimization. Certain *hibakusha* relate their personal trauma to the need for international disarmament and world peace. Most others make such connections only in an occasional, conventional manner and have developed routine Cold War reflexes about Russia's possession of a nuclear arsenal. Some pick at their memories as at scabs; others do not wish to be reminded. All of which is what common sense would lead one to expect and, as it were, know in advance. Very largely, this results from the discipline in which Professor Lifton is engaged. Much of contemporary psychology and sociology is expressly designed to give statistical, methodological support to the obvious. In their honesty, the mountains labor and bring forth mice. By force of image and fiction, the artist can from time to time break through the merely real. John Hersey did so in his "Hiroshima," Alain Resnais in the film "Hiroshima Mon Amour." But, in part, the persuasive, fair-minded obviousness of Dr. Lifton's findings stems from his unwillingness to search out certain central difficulties.

His study is founded on the axiom that Hiroshima constitutes a unique event in human history, that "our perceptions of Hiroshima are the beginnings of new dimensions of thought about death and life." Where is the proof of this proposition? Not, assuredly, in the amount of ruin or the actual count of casualties. The incendiary raids on Tokyo caused more deaths; the incineration of Dresden in a single night may have made more than two hundred thousand victims and set fire storms greater than those at Hiroshima. And what of Nagasaki? Dr. Lifton gives tantalizing glimpses of the differences between the social and psychic reactions of these two cities but does not come to grips with the fascinating problem of how the fate of Nagasaki reflects back on Hiroshima's vision of its own special status. (The whole question of why the second bomb was dropped after the first Japanese surrender signals had been registered in neutral capitals remains an ugly mystery despite the work of historians such as Herbert Feis.) But even if we assume the two cases to be essentially one phenomenon, the uniqueness of that phenomenon still has to be shown. Dr. Lifton writes that "we need new myths to grasp our relationship to the cool, ahuman, *completely* technological deity which began its destructive reign with Hiroshima." In what way were the incendiary clusters over Dresden or the sulphur bombs on Hamburg *less* technological? In what way is a *hibakusha* more of a survivor, more death-haunted and guilt-ridden, than a survivor of Auschwitz?

Professor Lifton recognizes this to be a key question, but his treatment is tentative and somewhat superficial. He relies heavily on the testimony of one concentration-camp survivor, a writer with an explicitly allegoric, mystical code. He draws on few of the important studies made of mental stress under Nazism and of postwar neuroses among survivors. How do the dreams of *hibakusha* compare with those recorded and analyzed in Dr. Charlotte Beradt's important book "Das Dritte Reich des Traums"? What controls would the work on the traumas and psychosomatic histories of camp survivors by Dr. K. R. Eissler and his colleagues impose on Dr. Lifton's hypothesis that the scars left on mind and body by Hiroshima mark a new reality in the human condition, in the mythology of death? Too little is said in this voluminous survey of what must surely be specifically Japanese factors. To what extent does the *hibakusha* model his own pariahdom on the peculiar Japanese image of defeat, on the Japanese view of the crippled soldier or returned prisoner of war as an individual irremediably guilty? The whole matter of racial differences is one Dr. Lifton handles in too gingerly a fashion. He stays entirely away, for example, from the vexed question of whether the bomb would have been used against Caucasians, against Berlin if the German armies had broken out of the Bulge and thus prolonged the war in Europe. Millions of Africans and Asians see Hiroshima and Nagasaki not as the end of the Second World War but as the first stroke in an even more fierce contest between a white-skinned, protein-rich technology and the colored, underdeveloped mass of mankind. How wrong are they? And may this not prove to be a legacy of Hiroshima more concrete and ominous than those symptoms of psychosomatic disturbance and personal obsession uncovered in Dr. Lifton's interviews?

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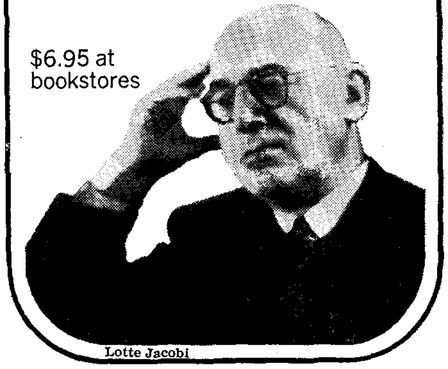

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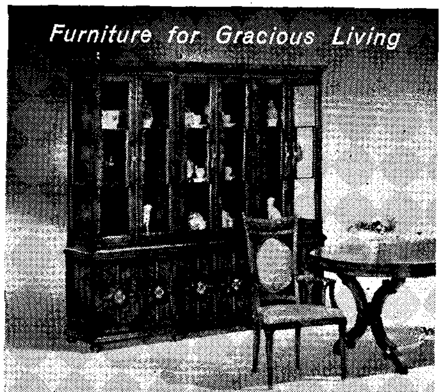

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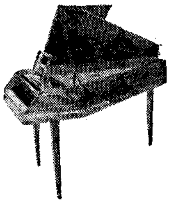
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volume. It is to be followed by a study of survival as a generalized psychic structure, by an inquiry into the new myths and symbols of violence and mass destruction that have sprung up out of the dark ages of modern history. Though it is in one sense an immutable and extremely simple biological constant, mortality is in other regards a complex psychological and social variable. Like sex, death has its history.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE SPLENDID PAUPER, by Allen Andrews (Lippincott). Moreton Frewen, who married the beautiful sister of Winston Churchill's beautiful American mother, was an English aristocrat who made a fine art of losing money for himself and for other people, doing so in all honesty. In his twenties, he went off to the American West to set himself up as a cattle baron, a program that cost his titled backers hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. Afterward, there were, in dismal succession, a marvellous gold-crushing machine, vast real-estate promotions in America and Africa, a contraption for making artificial ice, a powerful deodorant that would remove the smell from municipal sewage systems, and diamond mines, with occasional lamentable sorties to Monte Carlo. Yet none of this appeared to disconcert him. He lived to be seventy-one, raised a trio of attractive children, kept his wife's undying love (and, more wonder, her faith in him), and was accounted a charming companion by all kinds of people—Theodore Roosevelt, Cecil Rhodes, Oscar Wilde, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Buffalo Bill Cody, his father-in-law, Leonard Jerome, and his nephew Winston. The author has done very well by Frewen in this book; he writes the biography straight, and lets the remarkable story of a true believer tell itself. Photographs.

THE MYSTIC MANDRAKE, by C. J. S. Thompson (University Books). A delightful monograph by the late curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, whose other works include a history of surgical instruments. Mr. Thompson explores the old beliefs about plucking up mandrakes (it is best done using a dog, since the mandrake's shriek kills the plucker), about their virtues (the ancient Hebrews believed them to be aphrodisiac; Hippocrates prescribed them for depression and anxiety, Dioscorides for abortion, Pliny for defluxions of the eye; in France they were thought to be an inexhaustible source of wealth), and about their location (in the Renaissance it came to be believed that they sprang up under hanged men), and adds everything else one might want to know, including techniques for making real mandrakes grow in human shape, and for making fake mandrakes out of everything from bryony roots to dried frogs. Mr. Thompson concludes with a word from the laboratory: mandrakes contain a number of complex alkaloids on the order of atropine and scopolamine, and have fine anesthetic properties. Illustrated with reproductions of old drawings and prints.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH FROM BELOW, by Gordon Ashe (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Patrick Dawlish, Deputy Assistant Commissioner for Crime at New Scotland Yard, flies to Juan-les-Pins to investigate a death by drowning—a beautiful young English girl, a strong swimmer, has died for no apparent reason, and there is evidence that she was pulled underwater deliberately. It is the fifth such death, and an international investigation gets under way. This is a very good story, romantic and amusing in its setting and precise in its police work. But why does John Creasey sign himself Gordon Ashe and then "reveal" his true identity on the jacket?

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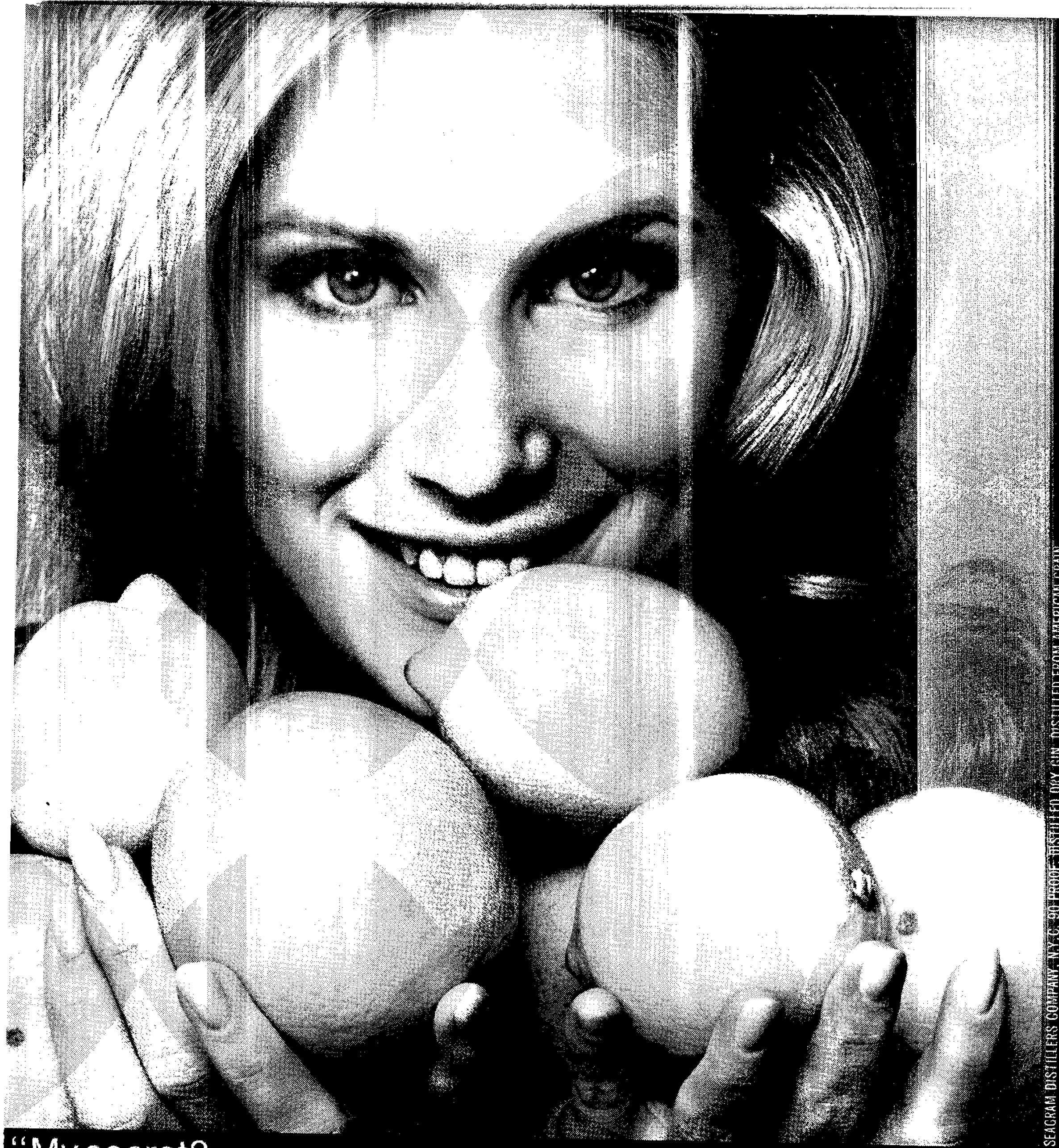
Were Pollux and his wife there?



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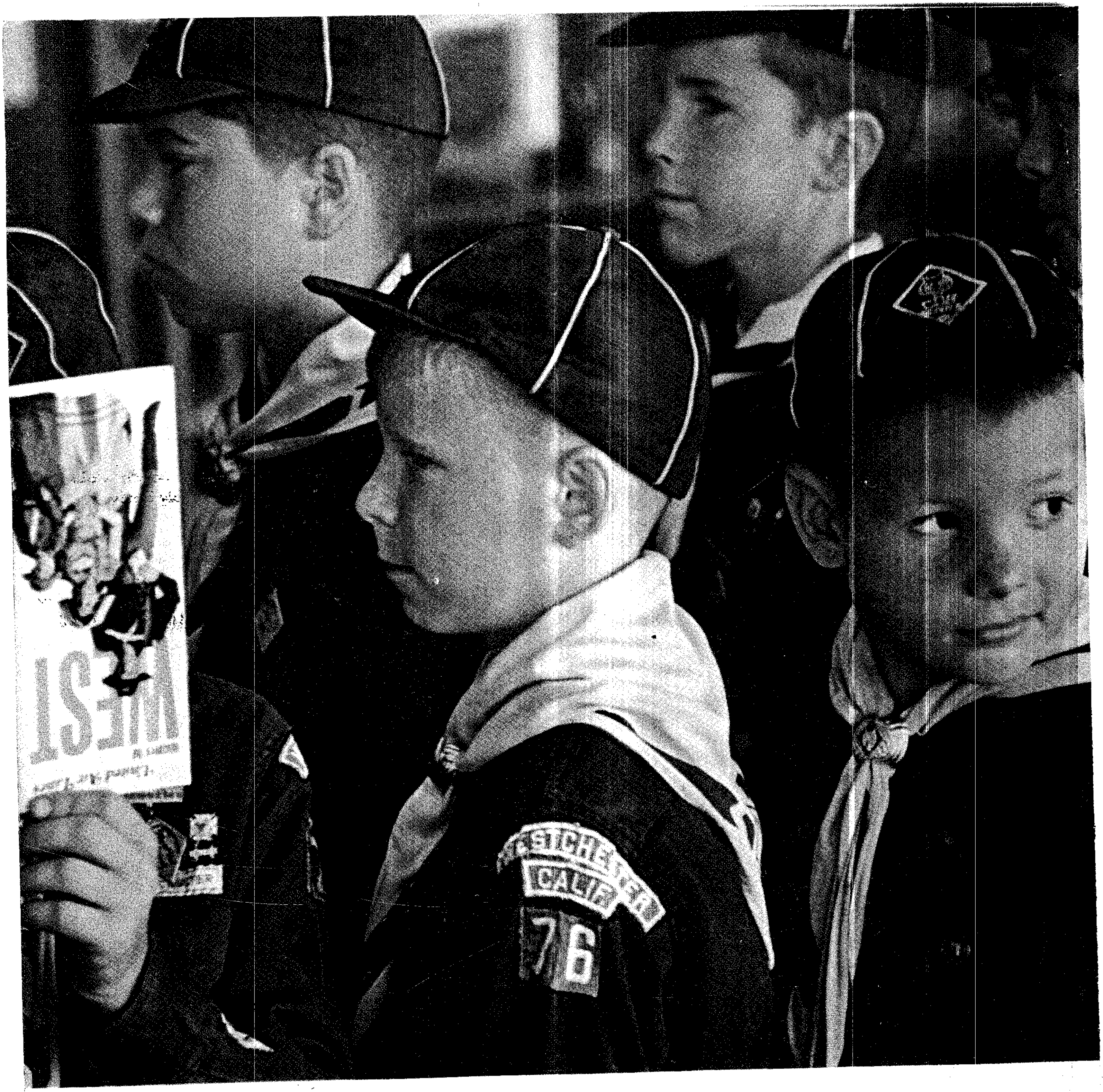

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